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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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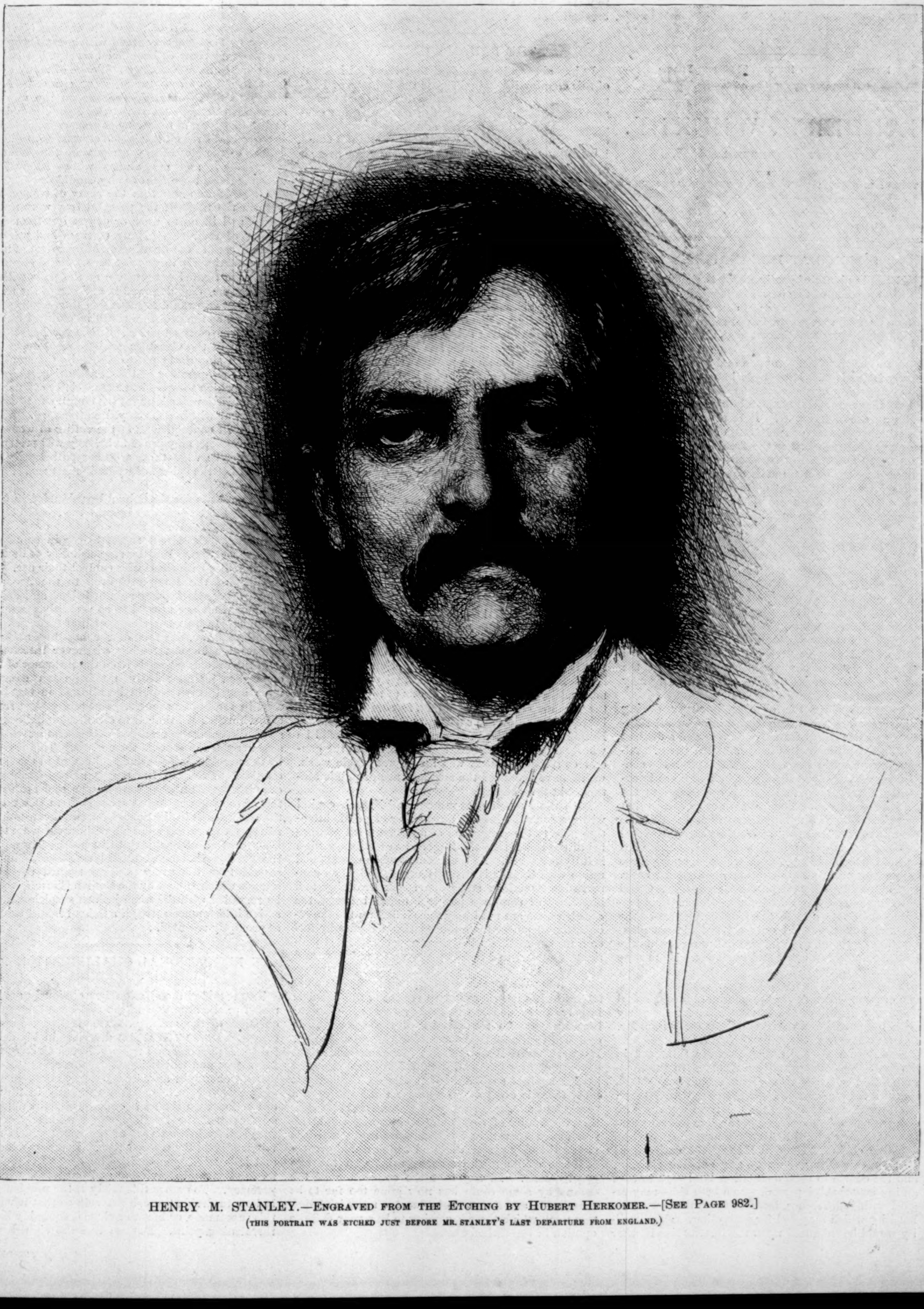

HENRY M. STANLEY.—ENGRAVED FROM THE ETCHING BY HUBERT HERKOMER.—[SEE PAGE 982.]

(THIS PORTRAIT WAS ETCHED JUST BEFORE MR. STANLEY'S LAST DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.)

"A subscription to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE secures a juvenile library."—*Boston Advertiser.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for December 18th is rich in seasonable reading and illustrations. The principal story is called "A Christmas Tree that Talked," by HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. *There is also a short story from Chinese folk-lore, with an illustration by a native artist.*

The first of a series of "Glimpses of Child Life from Dickens," by MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *is "The Child of the Marshalsea," from "Little Dorrit." The sketch is done in a masterly fashion that cannot fail to win many young readers to a closer knowledge of that gentle little heroine.*

The principal illustration is

"A CHRISTMAS VIGIL,"

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

This is a specimen of the highest development of American wood-engraving, and the subject is a captivating one. The picture is accompanied by a poem by DORA READ GOODALE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SILENCE AT INDIANAPOLIS.

THERE is plenty of gossip about the cabinet and the purposes of the new President, but nothing whatever is known. There are many visitors to Indianapolis, and many rumors of invitations and intentions, but everybody knows that they are rumors only. The ingenious correspondents try to give an air of authority to their guesses and inventions, but nobody is deceived. Everybody knows that nobody knows anything except that General HARRISON has a gift of silence that NAPOLEON might have envied. He writes an occasional note. It is urbane and brief. But whether BLAINE or SHERMAN, or neither, will be Secretary of State, whether the Treasury lies between Mr. MILLER and Mr. PLATT, whether there will be a Southern policy or a Canadian policy, whether the civil service will be swept clean or but moderately changed, whether the home market men will carry a recommendation for a prohibitive tariff, or Western Republicanism a proposition of a wise free list—upon all such points, although there is abundant and detailed assertion, there is no knowledge whatever. This faculty of reticence is of good augury. The pressure of the press and of the politicians upon a public man in great place is so resolute and incessant and ingenious, the tone of party cabals and "leaders" is so absolute, the cultivated deference of the American statesman to determined "cheek" is so familiar, that good-natured ability to keep his own counsel is proof of a vigor and good sense on the part of a President-elect upon which the country may well congratulate itself.

The weeks since the election, however, during which speculation has been so rife and General HARRISON'S silence so persistent, have revealed a distinct division of sentiment in the Republican party. Although, as we said last week, Mr. BLAINE is the conspicuous and acknowledged party chief, there is evidently a very deep and strong opposition to the BLAINE ascendency. The fact cannot be denied that it was Mr. BLAINE'S nomination which defeated the party in 1884. That fact, with all its corollaries and implications, is profoundly suggestive. The vital question which it suggests is whether, under those circumstances, an administration dominated by Mr. BLAINE would promote Republican prosperity. Could he be included within an administration without trying to dominate it? Is the *World's* picture of the elephant and the cabin only a joke? These questions are pertinent, even if Mr. BLAINE represents the present Republican spirit and tendency. He may be the favorite of four-fifths of the party, but the other fifth is essential to party success. Might not the same reason which made the nomination of General HARRISON instead of Mr. BLAINE wiser for the party make the choice of some Republican other than Mr. BLAINE better for the administration?

The Boston *Herald* thinks that Mr. SHERMAN in the State Department and Mr. ALLISON in the Treasury would be a very strong foundation for a cabinet. But at a time when speculation, and not knowledge, is all that we can enjoy, might it not be asked with some reason whether Mr. SHERMAN does not represent too positively the anti-BLAINE sentiment to make him a politic choice? General HARRISON'S desire must be to heal, not to aggravate, any existing division, and the course in such a situation is always to take an innocuous third person, whom both sides may regard with indifference, but neither of them with the hostility which they feel for each other. This hostility would be enhanced upon the BLAINE side if, after the announcement to which we alluded last week, that Mr. BLAINE would accept the chief place if asked, it should be offered to Mr. SHERMAN. The division of which we speak is in itself a good sign. It shows the presence of a sentiment in the party which is truly conservative, and which will oppose Jingoism in the new administration. Mr. SHERMAN, having apparently abandoned the desire for a Presidential nomination, has shown a more comprehensive and truly American, because a broad and honorable, spirit in his view of our foreign relations, which, with his other qualities, would invest his administration of the State Department with general confidence. There is always, of course, CHARLES LAMB'S story of the silent passenger in the stage-coach to moderate our anticipations, but there will be certainly great interest in watching the course of the President-elect when he breaks his silence.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

IT has always been evident that the vital interest of this country in a canal across the Isthmus of Panama would create the necessity of a distinct understanding with the government of France, if that government should in any way adopt the scheme as its own. That the French government would not adopt it was the express assurance of M. OUTREY, the French Minister in Washington, when the scheme was broached in 1880. His words, in writing to the Secretary of State, were these: "The French government, as I have already had the honor to assure you, is in no way concerned in that enterprise, and in no wise proposes to interfere therein, or to give it any support, either direct or indirect." This assurance was unmistakable. The work upon the canal, meanwhile, has proceeded at enormous cost. The outlay already exceeds $400,000,000. And it is impossible to ascertain the exact situation, as M. LESSEPS'S airy rhetoric, however dazzling, is exceedingly indefinite. His latest effort to obtain further subscriptions, although favored by the public authorities, has failed, until now the necessary funds are alone procurable from the *Crédit Foncier*, and the condition of a loan in that quarter is an explicit guarantee from the government with the assent of the Chamber.

This plan would at once convert the canal into a state enterprise, and the guarantee of M. OUTREY to our government being disregarded, the question would at once challenge the attention of Congress. In this dilemma M. LESSEPS has his own scheme of adjustment. He proposes to make the enterprise international, and to invite the great powers to contribute in proportion to their tonnage. At present the rumor of a guarantee from the French government is discredited in Paris, as the interest and probable action of our government in such an event are plainly foreseen. Yet the pressure upon the French authorities to avert the deplorable consequences of a failure of the enterprise will be very great. The shares are held by private persons throughout the country, and the loss and suffering arising from a catastrophe would be wide-spread. The vitality of our interest in a Panama canal is due to the fact that it would be practically a correction of our coast line. It would be the direct channel of water communication between different parts of the Union, and the possible consequences of its foreign control and hostile obstruction are such as we could not tolerate. Nothing but the absolute assurance that it would be wholly a private undertaking, together with the general conviction that it was an impracticable work, would have produced the acquiescence of public sentiment in this country.

Both the French government and French capital will see from the instant awakening of public attention here to the suggestion of a government guarantee of the canal that the importance of the question is fully perceived. At the moment when commercial union with Canada is strongly urged, and when conservative American statesmen speak favorably and hopefully of complete political union between the countries, we are not likely to be indifferent to the acquisition of power upon our southern border by foreign nations. The principle of our continental politics announced in President MONROE'S message, and known as the MONROE doctrine, is still and will remain the rule of our public action. That public attention has been languid in regard to the canal is largely due to the reason already mentioned—general incredulity as to the success of the work. It is designed to follow the course of the Chagres Valley. But the Chagres River rises in a few hours to a height of forty or fifty feet, and there could be no effectual barrier against such a flood, while on the summit level there is great doubt whether there could be a permanent adequate supply of water. It is possible that the failure of the Panama enterprise would renew active interest in the Nicaragua route, which is unquestionably practicable, and which would greatly facilitate commercial intercourse between the two great oceans. In any case the connection of the oceans by some route has now gone too far to be abandoned, and the control of such a route is a question upon which there is coming to be a very definite opinion in the United States.

WOMEN AT THE POLLS.

THE late municipal election in Boston was extremely significant. The vote was the largest ever cast at such an election. The registry was 73,000, and the actual poll 67,000. This is an extraordinary proportion at any election, and it shows the deepest interest and resolution, which the drenching storm did not dampen in the least degree. The present Mayor, who has served for four or five terms, was defeated. Politically he is an Irish Democrat, and he was defeated by an American Republican. We use these names because they were forces in the contest. The central interest of the day was in the election of the School Board, and that arose from the action of the late Board in regard to SWINTON'S history and its allusion to papal indulgences, and from the large number of women who voted, and who were nearly a third of the whole number of voters. Mayor O'BRIEN was regarded with great favor during the early part of his official service, but latterly he seems to have lost the confidence of many of the most intelligent and independent citizens. A despatch to the New York *Tribune* on the morning after the election said that "the Republican army had the backing of hundreds of good citizens." Can it be possible that these good citizens who did not belong to the Republican army were the detestable independents and mugwumps whose support the *Tribune* holds to be fatal to any candidate?

All accounts agree that the army of women who were in the thick of the peaceful fray were not insulted, and in no manner or degree lost the modest dignity of their sex. Many of them had probably been exposed to the hustling and discomfort of much more unmannerly throngs at theatres and churches. They were treated everywhere at the polls with respect, because they deserved it, and one of the results of the day was the demonstration that much which is forecast as the probable result of political innovations never comes to pass. The apprehensions of wise men in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 have been singularly put to shame by the actual results in the operation of the Constitution, while the one part which they held to be especially satisfactory and unobjectionable brought the country to the verge of civil war within a dozen years afterward. Whatever the ill consequences of the voting of women at school elections may prove to be, they will pretty certainly not be what those who are pathetically concerned for "the sphere of woman" most ruefully anticipate.

The contest over the School Board ended in a victory for the Protestant as against the Roman Catholic sentiment. These are words that every right-minded American will regret to see in connection with an election. But the responsibility of their appearance lies with those who compel their use. The hostility of the Roman Church to the American school system is frankly acknowledged and defended upon what are alleged to be perfectly reasonable grounds. But, as the clergy of that Church would doubtless agree, the fact of the hostility naturally arouses the keenest feeling whenever interference with the schools proceeds from the influence of their opponents. Undoubtedly no injurious comment upon any Church should be allowed in text-books used in the public schools. But any protest from a Church which is inimical to the whole public-school system is naturally regarded with alarm as really an attack upon the schools themselves. This is shown by the peculiar interest and excitement in the Boston election. Probably the merits of the controversy over SWINTON'S history were known in detail to very few of the voters. What aroused them was the fact that an interest in the School Board known to be unfriendly to the schools had withdrawn a text-book because of an alleged insult to a hostile Church. If the Presbyterian or Methodist or Baptist Churches should take the same position toward the public schools which is held by the Roman Church, it would be regarded with the same jealous suspicion, and its active interference through a School Board would be as promptly resented.

AN EDUCATIONAL QUALIFICATION AND WHITE SUPREMACY.

THE result of the election has obviously again directed public attention in the Southern States to the question of the suffrage. The feeling which Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER describes in his delightful *On Horseback in Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee*, and which is known through myriads of private channels, and in public speeches like that of Mr. GRADY in Texas, and generally in the press of the Southern States, is undoubtedly the dominant sentiment of the intelligent and naturally controlling society in that part of the country. It is not unfriendly to the colored race. It favors education and industrial opportunities for colored citizens, but its fundamental conviction and purpose is white supremacy. To secure this fairly is the problem; that is, how to divide the colored vote so that it will aid this supremacy, or how to reduce it equitably below a threatening point. Devices like the eight-box sys-

tem, which labels every box at the polls, and requires all votes to be deposited in the right box without hints or aid to the voter, and which, of course, practically disfranchises the voter who cannot read, are now felt to be unworthy methods, and the proposition of an educational qualification is openly advocated by some of the leading Southern journals, even at the cost of some Representatives in Congress. But it does not seem to us that this would necessarily follow, because it is very questionable whether a qualification applicable to all voters could be regarded as an abridgment of the right in the sense of the Constitution. The doubt of the wisdom of an educational qualification under the circumstances springs from a different consideration.

The larger part of the colored voters and a considerable number of white voters in the Southern States cannot read, and the qualification would disfranchise both classes so long as the disability should continue. But it would have another result. It would probably retard education in those States where education is of the most vital importance. If the main object be white supremacy, whatever menaced that supremacy would be instantly covered with suspicion. But education, by practically enfranchising the colored voters, would increase the chance of colored supremacy in such States as South Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana. To encourage education, therefore, would be to foster that chance, and under such circumstances an honest and resolute policy of instruction for the colored people could not be anticipated. Thus this simple and legal solution of the problem, even accompanied by a surrender in some States of a degree of representation in Congress, and honestly sought as a fair measure of relief, would probably paralyze the movement which is essential to the general and peaceful prosperity of that part of the country, which is the movement for education. It is alleged, and we believe with good reasons, that since the war the mulatto is disappearing and the distinctive color line is deepening, while the black population increases decidedly faster than the white. Under these circumstances an educational qualification for the suffrage in the States where the colored population is in the majority would tend not only to disfranchise, but to keep in ignorance, the large majority of the people of those States.

An educational qualification is always desirable, but always upon the condition that there is not only ample provision of free instruction, if not compulsory laws, but also that general perception of the value of education which will keep the schools full. Now in a community where the two races live together, but at great disadvantage to the colored race because of its previous enslavement, because its color is a perpetual ban, and because the white race proposes to maintain supremacy at any cost, it is evident that the white race, which is undoubtedly in the actual situation the master race, would not favor any change in the conditions which menaced its supremacy. The real solution of the problem lies, of course, in the simple and natural relation among all citizens in the Southern States which prevails in general in the Northern States. But the method of reaching the solution—that is, how to produce that relation—is not clear. If what we have said be correct, it would not be produced by an educational qualification for the suffrage. That would be justly regarded as a measure intentionally inimical to the colored race, and that belief would of itself deepen the sense of unfriendliness. One of the surest methods of dispelling that feeling would be a careful abstention from any policy plainly hostile to equality of political or civil rights. Social relations, as everywhere, must regulate themselves. The problem is one of very great importance, in which all good American citizens in all the States are interested, and its great difficulties, especially to those who are immediately and locally concerned, are fully appreciated. We shall watch with great care and the most friendly disposition the manner in which the advocates of white supremacy at all costs, who are also advocates of an educational qualification for the franchise, dispose of the argument that the one must necessarily conflict with the other.

A NOTABLE UTTERANCE.

THE Union League Club of this city is known throughout the country as a stronghold of "solid," loyal, and uncompromising Republicanism. The club had a meeting the other night to celebrate the late glorious victory, and to congratulate the party and the people on the choice of a Republican Congress and Administration. Some members not unskilled in political intrigue proposed to use the gathering for the purpose of giving the President-elect some advice about the composition of his cabinet, and particularly of impressing on him the various qualifications for high public office possessed by Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT. A diligent canvass was made in advance of the meeting by Mr. PLATT'S friends, whose importunity in securing support was pushed beyond the verge of club courtesy. In various ways, therefore, the meeting became an event of more than usual moment, and evoked in advance of the assemblage a quite unusual amount of excitement.

If the resolutions actually adopted by some five hundred active and earnest Republicans of the Union League Club carry with them a decidedly exceptional significance, the superserviceable friends of Mr. PLATT may claim the chief credit for it. How little satisfaction these gentlemen could derive from the resolutions may be inferred from the following extract from the last one:

"*Resolved*, That we have an abiding faith in the capacity and purpose of the President-elect to select his own cabinet, regardless of all attempts at dictation or importunity from any quarter, and to surround himself with constitutional advisers who shall be men of large capacity, of spotless personal character, and of steadfast devotion to those principles which have been signalized and vindicated in his own election, and we earnestly deprecate the studied efforts which are being made with undisguised impertinence to force his hand, and to put upon him clamorous applicants for places in his cabinet upon the ground of alleged partisan services, or pecuniary contributions, or local control."

The resolutions were the work of Mr. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, and in all the list of his eminent services to the Republican cause there is none of which he has greater reason to be proud than the making of the declaration above quoted. He has struck a chord of public sentiment which will vibrate far beyond the walls of the Union League Club-house, if not also beyond the strait confines of his own party. In other hands such a resolution might have been regarded as mere mugwumpery, or flat disrespect to the much-lauded strategists who achieved the late victory. But Mr. CHOATE, with several hundred Union League members at his back, stands for so much that is "regular," if not indispensable, in the Republican organization, that his resolution must be accepted as a kind of official party utterance for the instruction of whom it may concern. It were to be hoped that all party utterances had so clear a ring of manliness, vigor, and moral conviction.

PERSONAL LIES ABOUT THE PRESIDENT.

IN his memoir of his friend MOTLEY, the historian, Dr. HOLMES, speaking of the MCCRACKIN letter which led to MOTLEY'S resignation, says:

"A gentleman who is asked whether he has spoken in a 'malignant' or 'offensive' manner, whether he has 'railed violently and shamefully' against the President of the United States or against anybody else, might well wonder who would address such a question to the humblest citizen not supposed to be wanting in a common measure of self-respect."

The Englishman who always rose from his chair and stood respectfully whenever "God save the King" was played in his presence was laughed at by his Yankee friends. But he showed at least a due regard for the dignity of the highest office in the kingdom.

The temptation to vile personal gossip in our Presidential campaigns is very great, and in that which is just passed it prevailed to a shameful degree. Yet the one form of it which should have been sternly discountenanced by every honorable man and woman was the most common. The letter of the President's wife at the very opening of the campaign, when a clergyman told an outrageous lie about the President and his wife, should have silenced every decent tongue. But it did not avail, and everybody was aware that stories too monstrous for publication were repeated incessantly during the campaign in private, and were still repeated despite the most absolute and conclusive denials.

This was the disgrace of the late campaign, and it shows how thankless a burden the greatest official station may be made. Nothing is so unscrupulous and mean as party spirit, which we are frequently assured is the salvation of the republic. That was not WASHINGTON'S opinion, however, nor is it the judgment of the wisest and most patriotic citizens. It is pleasant to know that the most flagrant personal tale told by this spirit during the campaign has been incontrovertibly shown to be a totally baseless calumny. Everything else of the kind may be henceforth assumed to be a merely malicious invention.

"OLD SONGS."

MR. ABBEY'S illustrations of *Old Songs*—a holiday publication of the HARPERS—have been received with universal admiration and most intelligent criticism. They are known separately by their publication in the MAGAZINE, but they are fitly and permanently collected and enshrined in this beautiful volume. No more original and distinctive work of art in this kind than the *Old Songs* has appeared for a long time: we might say since ABBEY'S last work, the illustrated *She Stoops to Conquer*.

The wonder of his work lies in its perfect realization to the eye of the mental types and figures produced by familiarity with the old English literature. This mental world—the realm of HERRICK and the rustic love songs—is exquisitely artificial; that is, it attributes to a certain kind of maids and men an ideality of sentiment and delicacy of refinement which did not really belong to them, but which yet blends happily with their buxom actuality. This distinctive quality is subtly interpreted by ABBEY. The coarseness is charmingly softened in the sketch, precisely as it is in reading by the imagination. The reader fancies that the picture in his mind is wholly his own. He despairs of describing it to another. It cannot be bodied forth. But ABBEY reveals it to him even more definitely and deftly, and steeps the reader's surprise in delight.

When we speak of art in America, and find little sign of its progress or even existence, we are perhaps thinking of painting and sculpture. But in illustrative design and engraving such as that of which this volume is a monument there is a delightful form of art, which in our general summaries we are wont to overlook. This touch of ABBEY'S is a sister art to that of HERRICK and GOLDSMITH and the other singers of *Old Songs*. We shall not admit, while such works are produced here, that there are no American artists.

THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE.

THE President's order placing the railway mail service within the scope of the civil service rules is a measure which the Reform League has warmly urged. That service embraces between five and six thousand persons who are engaged in most important duties, and the folly of regarding it as a political service requiring the dismissal of trained, experienced, and efficient men with every change of administration, or to promote the personal schemes of local politicians and members of Congress, is obvious to every sensible man.

Like the hurried inclusions under the rules which were made by Republicans after the defeat of 1884, in the hope of protecting Republican office-holders, the act of the President is criticised as a device to save Democrats in office. But in fact the larger number of employés in this service are already Republicans. They are monuments of the fidelity of this administration in this branch of the public service to a sound system of the civil service. "Colonel R. S. ROBERTSON, of Fort Wayne, who thinks he is Lieutenant-Governor," according to a letter in the New York *Herald*, states "that as there is a direct law against wholesale removals, General HARRISON will obey it to the letter." There is, however, notwithstanding the Colonel's reported assertion, no such law, and the order of the President placing the railway mail service under the rules does not prevent the clean sweep of every member of the railway service by the Republican administration.

The Colonel's error is very common. But the law lays no restriction whatever upon the power of removal. It treats exclusively of appointments and promotions. The result of the President's order is simply that vacancies made by removals must be filled by examination and probation. This prevents dismissals in order to provide for particular persons, and the order is so far a protection. Its great value lies in its recognition of a sound principle. It gives an object-lesson in the practical benefit of a rational system of the civil service, and it secures so much from the grasp of the spoilsmen, for no branch of the service once placed under the rules has been withdrawn, nor is it likely to be until there is a decided and wholly improbable change in public sentiment. Mr. EDGERTON, the chairman of the National Commission, is reported as saying that reform is a fraud, and that the Democrats ought to have repealed the law. Mr. EDGERTON'S views have been long known, and he should long since have been asked to resign. The duties of such a commission cannot be properly discharged by a man who thinks its business a folly and a fraud. If the civil service reform law is to be enforced in good faith, AQUILA JONES must not be appointed postmaster.

PERSONAL.

MR. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, who died in London the other day, had in many ways a remarkable career. He was actively engaged in publishing books for fifty years, and did more to popularize literature in England than any man of his time. The imprint of GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS is probably better known in Great Britain and her colonies than that of any other publishing house, and it has covered a variety of literary products entirely without equal.

—Among the most respected citizens of Canada are fugitive slaves from the United States, who found their way over the border by way of the "underground railroad." They have made their mark in the trades and even in the professions, and some of them are successful farmers. Hamilton, Ontario, has the largest negro population in Canada, and the colored people own some of the handsomest dwellings in the place. One of the men, HENRY BROWN, while escaping from Virginia was shipped to Philadelphia in a box two feet wide and three feet deep. He had a fearful ride, the caution on the outside of the box, "This side up with care," being but little regarded by expressmen during the journey. Montreal has a negro notary, and one of her white churches a colored assistant pastor.

—MR. T. DE THULSTRUP has recently returned from an extended tour which he made during the past summer in Russia for the purpose of preparing sketches for the illustrations to a series of articles on the social and court life of that country for HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Mr. THEODORE CHILD, who is to write one or two of the papers in the series, accompanied Mr. THULSTRUP.

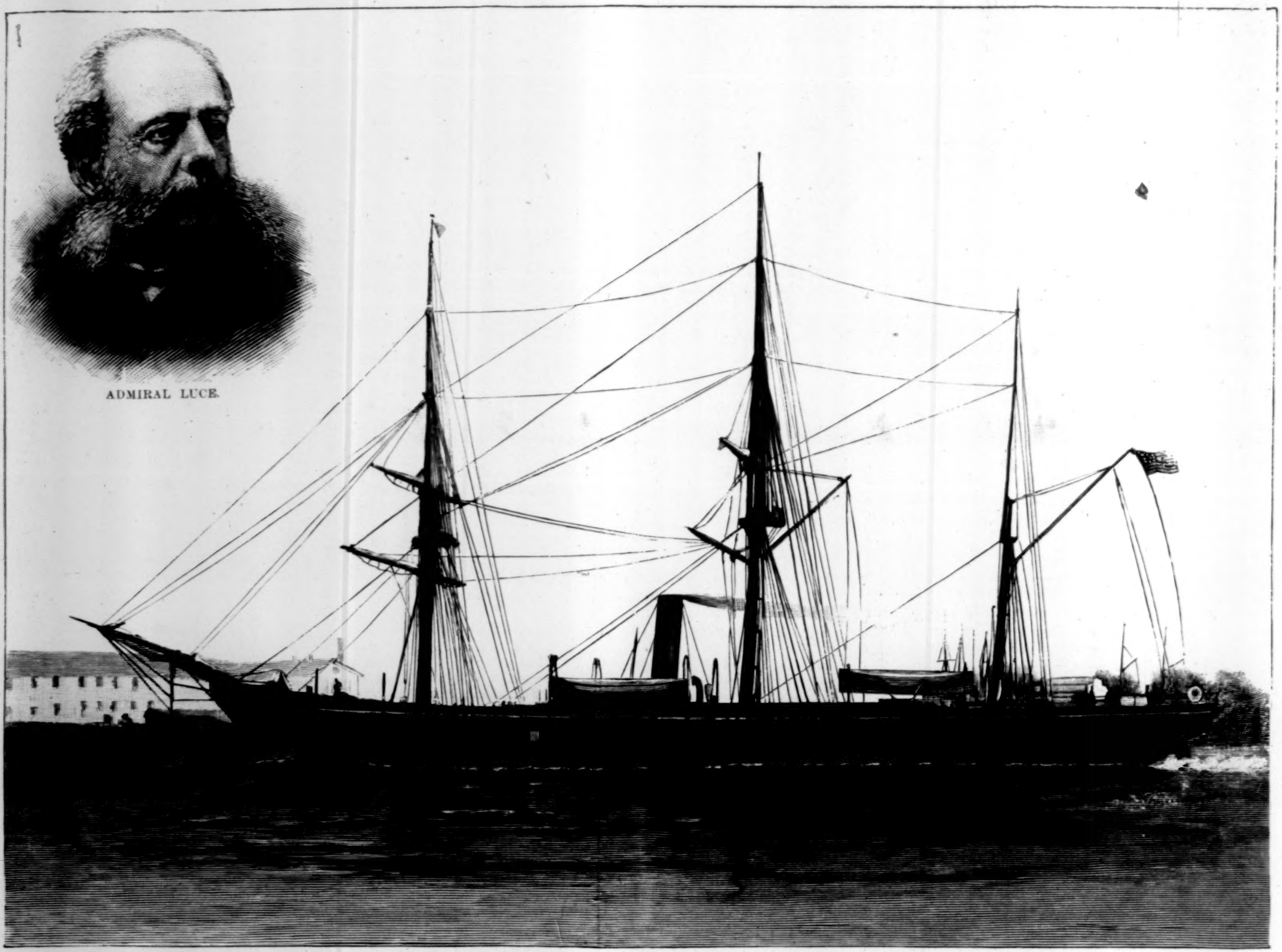
—The wife of Captain COMPTON, of the steamer *Haytian Republic*, which has been seized by the present government of Hayti, was on board the vessel at the time of the seizure, and proved herself quite a heroine during the succeeding events. She remained on the steamer till the insults of the prize crew drove her away, and then came to this country, bringing with her a sable gunner of the Haytian gun-boat *Dessalines*, whose evidence at Washington is said to have been quite damaging to the captors of the American steamer.

—Professor WILLARD FISKE, the former librarian of Cornell University and the successful contestant of that portion of his wife's will which left the university $1,500,000, is living with his aged mother in Italy. His mother became a widow when he was a boy, but supported herself and her son by practising millinery, and finally sent young FISKE to Hamilton College, where he worked his way through the course. Professor FISKE met and married Miss JENNIE MCGRAW, the Ithaca heiress, at Berlin, while President ANDREW D. WHITE, of Cornell, was the American Minister there.

—The hair of a farmer living in Fulton County, Georgia, is so much like the wool of a sheep that several pairs of stockings and mittens have been made from it. It is brown in color, and soft and thick.

—JOSHUA SHIPE and MARGARET DOUGLASS, of Knox County, Tennessee, have recently been married after a courtship of thirty-five years, the opposition of the man's sister, who has just died, keeping them apart all this time.

—A "fellow staff-officer" of Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. FORSYTH, recently sentenced by court-martial for the offence of duplicating his pay, writes as follows to the WEEKLY: "Poor SANDY FORSYTH! The first time I saw him he was being carried in a blanket, smiling but desperately wounded, from the battle-field of Beverly Ford; the next time I saw him he had reported for duty on crutches rather than be dropped from the rolls. In the last year of the war, and for years afterward, he was SHERIDAN'S right-hand man for any desperate enterprise in Virginia or on the frontier. His Indian fight against almost hopeless odds is perhaps the most famous on record. What tempted him to the trouble he has made for himself, his pretty young wife, and his splendid boy no one who knows him can fathom. Thousands of people of every grade—cultivated men and women, soldiers, prairie scouts, and cow-boys—pity him from the bottom of their hearts. I have tented with him, fought by his side, nursed him. There never was a more gallant, loyal soul or better friend and comrade; and he *was* the soul of honor, whatever sudden trouble may have tempted him to do. Nobody has said a good word for him in his disgrace, so far as I know, save one rough frontiersman who writes to a newspaper to ask if there is any way of paying the money and restoring Colonel FORSYTH to duty. This communication of mine is not intended as a plea for him: misconduct like his should never be justified: but surely it would do no harm to speak of what SANDY FORSYTH has done for the army and the country, and the pity of it that so bright a light has gone behind a cloud."



ADMIRAL LUCE.

THE UNITED STATES STEAM-SHIP "GALENA," THE FLAG-SHIP OF ADMIRAL LUCE.—From a Photograph by Bidwell.

Clerk Worts. Engineer Little. Cadet Benham. Ensign Oman. As.-Sur. Crandall. Ensign Kellogg. Boatswain McCarthy.

Lieutenant W. J. Barnette. Lieu. Reeder. Lieu. Griffin. Paymaster Martin. Lieu. Speyers. Commander G. W. Sumner. Lieutenant Russell, U.S.M.C. Surgeon Ayers. Ensign Fenton.

THE OFFICERS OF THE "GALENA."—From a Photograph by Bidwell.

THE EXPEDITION TO HAYTI.—[See Page 983.]

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

VI.

MID-SEPTEMBER had come and gone. Lee, with his enthusiastic followers, had crowded the Union lines into the fortifications around Washington, then crossed the Potomac, and found himself so crippled after the desperate battling at the Antietam that he was compelled to fall back into the valley of the Shenandoah. For the time being the beautiful sweep of country between the heights of Centreville and the gaps in the Bull Run Mountains was unobscured by the dust-clouds of heavy marching columns or the smoke of thunderous battle. Heavy rains had roiled the streams and bogged the Virginia roads, but there were no guns, no heavily laden wagons, to stall at every brook or ford. A silence as of desolation had settled upon the land, for all the fields from Chantilly down to Manassas were peopled only with the dead, and every slope and pasture green was ridged with new-made graves. Over on the broad plains about the railway junction, other freight-cars had appeared among the blackened ruins of those destroyed by Stuart; but the storehouses and buildings were only charred stumps and scattered ashes now, and the white tents and rude board shelters hastily thrown together here and there were only temporary resting-places for hundreds of poor fellows whose wounds were too severe to enable them to travel. Stuart, with his bold raiders, was over near Martinsburg, in the Valley, watching for the next move of the Union force still halted on the hard-won field at Sharpsburg. Every now and then, however, little scouting columns of Virginia cavalry came trotting over through the passes and taking a look at the Union outposts in front of Washington; then, scattering here and there through the country roads, they would disperse all over the broad valley east of the gaps, and spend a few hours in cheery visits to the homesteads from Aldie down to Warrenton, bringing joy and delight to mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, and all the time keeping wary watch and slipping away just too soon to be caught by the Union horsemen, who were sure to come marching out from Fairfax in pursuit. A strong garrison had ever to be kept up in the fortifications in front of the National Capital, and, out in advance of the earthworks, several regiments of blue-jacketed troopers picketed all the roads, occupied the neighboring villages, and, to use the army phrase, "covered the front" against surprise, and, when occasion offered, launched forth a column in chase of raiders. And so it happened that while the main bodies of both armies were gone long marches away, and the guns no longer thundered, and the volleys no longer flashed, the by-roads and the fields were often gay with the guidons of venturesome detachments of cavalry, and the soft autumnal air made merry with the ringing trumpet calls; and one day the worn and dingy gray uniforms would ride in amid the acclamations of farmyards full of enthusiastic women, and the next the doors and windows would be banged shut at sight of the fluttering "stars and stripes," then carried in the shape of swallow-tailed pennons by every squadron of Union horse. Many a lively little skirmish, many a stirring charge and chase, did the troopers on both sides enjoy while thus having this lovely and populous section of Virginia all to themselves, and one of the regiments occupied on this genuinely "cavalry" duty was the —— New Jersey, Lieutenant Kearny's regiment; but Lieutenant Kearny had not been seen since the first night of the battle of Second Bull Run.

Long since the reports had borne his name as "missing." Anxious and influential relations from Trenton and New York had hastened to Washington and besieged the War Department for particulars. All New Jersey—all the Union Army—was in mourning just then for another, a greater Kearny, and in the shadow of the bitter disasters that had befallen the nation it seemed as though

"The black shroud of that night at Chantilly"

had indeed overspread all Union-loving hearts, and there was no hope anywhere. It was some time before even Senators and Representatives could bring the military powers to energetic investigation, and meantime a sorrowing mother lay wellnigh heartbroken at home. Three weeks of vigorous prodding on part of the Jerseymen resulted finally in the utter exhaustion of all information to be had on the subject, and left the inquirers more puzzled, more troubled, than before. The last seen of Mr. Kearny was late on the night of the 28th of August, when, all alone, he set forth on the road from Haymarket to Thoroughfare Gap in hopes of finding his regiment. In less than half an hour the picket at which he had parted with the field-officer of the day was alarmed by pistol-shots faintly audible several hundred yards out toward the west. A few minutes later a platoon of Buford's troopers came clattering in to inquire what it meant. They had scouted the road and found a dead horse near the brook, but the horse equipments were all gone, and the assailants had probably ridden off to the northward bearing their prisoner with them. The horse was identified as Lieutenant Kearny's the very next morning, and it was regarded as a matter of course that he had fallen in with some of Stuart's scouting parties and been captured.

"HALF-WAY DOWN THE STAIRS THE TALL, FEEBLE SOLDIER HAD STOPPED."

But, as luck would have it, two of General Stuart's staff-officers were among the prisoners brought in to Washington. One was Captain Falconer, of Warrenton, who courteously answered inquiries on the subject by saying he was captured by Lieutenant Kearny himself, at the close of the fight between Jackson's men and the Union force west of Groveton. He could, therefore, give no information with regard to the matter. The other officer was an assistant adjutant-general who had ridden into our lines near Vienna in the rain and darkness that followed Jackson's dash on Chantilly. This gentleman said that every prisoner, without exception, who had been captured on the 28th or 29th of August by any of Stuart's men was brought before him and questioned by him. He knew that no officer resembling the description and photographs of Lieutenant Kearny had so appeared, and he felt equally certain that if killed by Stuart's men in an attempt to escape capture, Mr. Kearny's death would certainly have been reported. It was the staff-officer's confident belief that Lieutenant Kearny had neither been killed, wounded, nor captured by Stuart's men, and "no other Confederate cavalry," said he, "was anywhere along that road the night referred to." Confidentially, the Southern officer expressed to the inquirers this theory: that the lieutenant had come suddenly upon a small party of his own people; that in the darkness and confusion each had taken the other for the enemy; that Kearny had been shot and killed by his own comrades and then borne off and buried by them, and the whole matter had been concealed for fear of punishment. The Jerseymen were still persistent. Finding that nothing definite could be learned in this way, they were advised to call upon a certain gentleman once high in government circles before the war, but an avowed sympathizer with the South in the present conflict. It was more than half believed that he had means of communication with the authorities at Richmond and with the army of Lee, enjoyed, perhaps, by numbers of other residents of Baltimore and Washington, but not by the War Department of the United States. Those were strange times, and within a week the Jerseymen were assured that no man answering to the name or description of Lieutenant Kearny had been or was now in the hands of the enemy. "I speak advisedly, for he is a prize they would not overlook in Virginia, where Pegram and Eustis are not forgotten." This was the report of their confidential adviser.

And so, with October close at hand, Frank Kearny's name was spoken as of one who had vanished from the face of earth, no man could tell whither, and more than one New Jersey home was filled, for his sake, with mourning and with dread anxiety. Down among the cavalry camps in front of Washington, too, they talked in low tones and "wondered" in many a chat around the evening fires what possibly could be the solution of the mystery. The regiment, of course, had been informed of the theory advanced by somebody that he had been killed in the darkness and buried in dread of punishment by his comrades of some scouting party. This, however, was promptly and indignantly denied by every officer and man on scout that night, and the most rigorous cross-examination and investigation failed to discredit their statements in the faintest degree. The affair, thanks to Kearny's prominence and popularity in the regiment, as well as to the interest kept up by this investigation, had become a *cause célèbre* in the lines in front of Washington; and then, little by little, another story began to be hinted at.

There had been from the very outset the usual rivalry between the few cavalry commands in the Army of the Potomac, speedily followed by that devil of jealousy that seems inseparable from human nature in or out of the military service. While the —— New Jersey gloried in Kearny's soldierly exploit and in Bayard's handsome compliment at Cedar Mountain, there were not lacking men in other regiments who affected to "pooh-pooh" the whole affair, and who strove on every possible occasion to belittle the participants. For a while none of the Jerseymen did more than laugh at this, it was all so harmless and so transparent. But in the long evening chats, and in the leisure and "loafing" hours that followed the August campaign, some sneering remarks, alleged to have been made by certain officers at brigade head-quarters, were brought in that inevitably exaggerated form in which such things are always told, and a good deal of feeling began to be manifest about the camp fires. Most of the officers of the —— New Jersey were gentlemen by birth and education; nearly all the old families of the State were represented among them; but the officers of a cavalry regiment in the same brigade and from an adjoining State were chosen from a very different class. That there should have been no affiliation was natural enough; but the Jerseymen were utterly at a loss to account for the innuendoes that presently reached their ears. Finally one warm September evening there came an explosion. The adjutant had been over on some duty at the head-quarters of the general commanding the defences along that front, and came back fuming with wrath.

"Gentlemen," said he, striding in among the group of officers chatting around the colonel's tent, and unceremoniously interrupting their placid talk, "I have just heard a story that reflects on the honor of the regiment, and it is time we put a stop to this sort of thing. We have stood it too long. It is my belief that we should run down the author of these lies and hold him responsible."

"What is the story?" was the eager question.

"It is about Kearny. Those fellows over in the 'Dunghill Dragoons' have never ceased to sneer at him and at us, you know; but to-day Major Merrill, of the staff, told me that one of

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their officers informed him that he knew from indubitable authority that, so far from being killed or a prisoner, Frank Kearny had found a sweetheart over near Thoro'fare Gap, and was hiding under the roof of her home at this minute. I demanded the name of his informant, and he gave it to me; he said it was a story that we ought to know, and trace to its foundation. Captain Mullane was the man; you all know who he is. Now, who will ride over to their camp with me to-night, and bring that fellow up to the scratch? By Heaven! he must prove his words, or swallow them!"

Half a dozen young fellows were on their feet in a moment; but the colonel's restraining voice was heard, calm yet authoritative.

"One moment, gentlemen. Resume your seats, if you please. This is no matter for impetuous or hot-headed action. Of course, if Captain Mullane were to make this statement to one of you, or to any one in your presence, I could not find fault with your knocking him down on the spot—I *might* find fault if you didn't do so—but this matter comes to us semi-officially; the division chief of staff tells it to the regimental adjutant as something we ought to know. Captain Chetwood, Mr. Stockton, order your horses and be ready to go with me; you too, Mr. Adjutant. I will look into the matter at once."

An hour later four officers of the —— New Jersey were at the camp of their comrade regiment and in conversation with its colonel. As a result of their communication Captain Mullane was sent for, and presently appeared. He started and looked uneasily around as he caught sight of the four visitors; but it was evident to all present that he had been drinking, and was just sufficiently under alcoholic influence to be ugly and truculent. In few words he was told of the story laid at his door, and asked for his authority. He stood unsteadily by the table in the colonel's big tent, the light from the single lantern shining full upon his coarse and bloated features as he looked scowlingly about him, first at one, then another of the four officers who were grouped in silence around his commander. Finally he spoke:

"I *did* say it, an' I can prove it."

"By whom, sir? You can have no personal knowledge of the matter."

"Well, I don't care to get any friend of mine into trouble, and I don't mean to betray him—the man that told me, I mean."

"Captain Mullane," said his colonel, coolly, "I have had more than one ugly matter to handle in this regiment during the few weeks I have commanded it. Your reputation as a mischief-maker was known to me before I accepted the command. You and such as you forced, through your political influence in your State, the resignation of my predecessor, but it cannot touch me. Take your choice, sir. Give me in presence of these gentlemen the full authority you have for the scandal you have set afloat at the expense of Lieutenant Kearny, or go to your tent in close arrest under charges of conduct unbecoming an officer."

For a moment there was silence except for the stertorous breathing of the bulky captain. He glared scowlingly around for a moment, looked furtively into his colonel's impassive face, then thickly muttered,

"It's a letter."

"Produce it, sir."

Again he looked helplessly around, as though seeking some avenue of escape, again glanced at the unrelenting form seated there in front of him, and finally began fumbling in an inner pocket of the waistcoat he wore beneath his uncouth fatigue "blouse." From a bundle of dog-eared, thumb-soiled papers he selected an ill-favored sheet, scrawled within and without in faded ink. The colonel reached forth his hand and took it.

"Most of that letter's private and personal, colonel," said Mullane, anxiously. "Here's all there is about the lieutenant—here on the second page," and he pointed with pudgy, shaky finger.

The colonel slowly read over the indicated lines, a look of deep disgust settling on his fine young face. Then he glanced at the signature.

"What disreputable character is this correspondent of yours, Captain Mullane? Who may 'P. Tierney' be?"

"He's a scout, sir, and in government employ, with the best of chara*k*ters from General Fremont."

"And where is he now?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You may retire, Captain Mullane. I presume it is necessary to assure you that the only part of this letter that I shall show or read is that on the second page—which you say is *all* there is referring to Lieutenant Kearny. But I shall keep it for the next half-hour until that portion has been copied and read to these gentlemen, and—one moment, sir—let me say in presence of the colonel and these officers of the —— New Jersey that I consider this story, told by a questionable and intangible character, as utterly failing to warrant your aspersions. That will do, sir."

And when Mullane was fairly out of ear-shot, the young colonel once more conned the ill-written page, then read it aloud:

"'You fellers needn't knuckle under to them Jersey shanghais'"—("I do not reproduce the bad spelling," said the colonel, interrupting himself)—"'they've been blowing about being so high-toned. *I* can take 'em down a peg, and here's a tip for you. That young feller Kearny is no more dead than I am, and no more prisoner than you. He's got that to tell perhaps when he gets tired of the girl, but while his comrades are scouting and fighting, he's hiding in his sweetheart's arms up near the Gap. Next time you have a column out that way run in suddenly on old Judge Armistead's place at Hopewell, and if you don't find him skulking there I'm a liar.'"

VII.

Seated on the broad wooden steps of the old homestead, her chin resting in the palm of one soft white hand, her clear violet eyes gazing thoughtfully out over the wide expanse of field, forest, winding stream, and tiny farms, all enclosed within the boundary of those distant heights, Lucy Armistead was lost in maiden reverie. Again the sun was sinking behind the wooded crests that rose in rear of the orchard. Again the shadows were long and dark across the deserted fields below. Again the white walls of Centreville gleamed on the edge of the uplands twenty miles away; but all was silence, and all, apparently, was peace. Around her the droning flight of beetle, the soft chirp of wearied bird in the branches overhead, the flutter and subdued cackle of the hens already roosting on the slats of the old trellis-work under the piazza, all told of the speedy coming of night. It was growing chill, too, and her thin white dress was far too light a garment for the evening air along those shaded slopes—and yet she seemed to be oblivious of everything about her. Even when Hannah stepped out upon the piazza and addressed a question in low tone of voice it failed to attract her attention. The girl stood silently a moment, looking down at her pretty mistress; then spoke her name—the old home pet-name—"Miss Lulie!" and still she gave no sign. Hannah's eyes twinkled with a knowing look; her white teeth gleamed as she turned away, entered the house, reappeared in a moment with a shawl in her hands, laid it gently over the shoulders of the white figure seated there so motionless, and carefully tucked it under the resting arm in front. Then without a word she was turning noiselessly away, when Miss Armistead seemed to rouse herself to sudden question.

"Is he awake?" she asked. Hannah shook her head.

"He's been awake mos' of the day, an' las' night. And he asked me over and over where you were, an' if you wasn't never comin' any mo'." There was a tone of decided reproach in Hannah's voice. "He ain't as well as he was. He was gettin' well fas', so long's you went to see him; but 'tain't so now, Miss Lulie," she continued, finding that her first remark fell short of the intended effect.

Miss Armistead turned sharply away.

"Did the Judge say what time he'd get home, Miss Lulie?" asked Hannah, after brief silence. "'Cause he wants to see him," she added, somewhat indefinitely.

"I hope to see him every moment. I've been watching for two hours."

In view of the fact that Miss Armistead's sweet eyes had been fixed on the far-away heights of Centreville, and that her father was expected to return by way of the mountain road at her back, there was so nothing in this statement that seemed irrelevant to her handmaiden, but the latter wisely refrained from comment. There was another matter, though.

"Miss Lulie," she said, "he ain't fit to ride nohow, but he wants to go 'way."

"How do you know?" asked Miss Armistead, after a silence of several seconds.

"He *said* so. He done tole Nelse to find him *any* kind of a horse or mule, an' he pay him well when he get back to Wash'n'ton. But he *couldn't* get back, Miss Lulie, an' you know it. Dey ain't a day 'r a night the cavalry ain't all around yer, an' dey get him *sure*, an' he'd die in Libby less 'n no time, Miss Lulie."

Miss Armistead's fair head bent lower. She seemed to shiver slightly, and drew the shawl more closely about her. She would not speak, however, and after a moment's hesitation Hannah plunged down three or four steps and fairly threw herself at the feet of her mistress.

"Miss Lulie!" she broke forth, impulsively, with a sob in her voice. "Miss Lulie! The Judge won't tell; he ain't a-gwine give him up now, is he?"

"*Hannah!*" exclaimed Miss Armistead, with horror and indignation mingled in her tone. "What can have possessed you? You forget!"

"Oh, I know what Mars' Henry wrote," wailed the girl; "I know he done tell you thet nobody mus' find out he's yer, but since you quit gwine to see him an' he begin talk 'bout gwine away—"

But Miss Armistead would not let her finish.

"Silence, Hannah! Whatever we have done at Henry's solemn injunction, we have in no wise harmed our country's cause. This gentleman was powerless enough when they brought him to us, and probably can never again fight against Virginia, or any one. So long as he cannot fight against us there is no need for my father to surrender him to the authorities or to speak of his being here, and he will never do it."

"But, Miss Lulie, s'pose dey find out. What makes 'em come speerin' round yer so much, anyhow? Cap'en Falconer's been to see you three times, an' it seems like he 'spect something. An' twice I hear 'em rustlin' in the bushes yonder list'nin' after dark. I see him talkin' with two men down the road day befo' yis'dy, Miss Lulie, and I thought—"

"How can they know, Hannah? No one but Nelse and you knows anything of it outside of the house. Captain Falconer is here to talk with father about his brother who was captured over at Manassas. He is anxious, and it comforts him to see father and talk with him."

"Miss Lulie, he don' come yer fer no such talk. He an' the other Cap'en Falconer don' never agree, and anybody in Warrenton 'll tell you so. Judge Armistead knows it too. What he come yer fur is t' see you, Miss Lulie, and he's been yer every chance. Why ain' he with the rest of the gentlemen up with the army? He jes sticks right round yer all the time."

"Captain Falconer and his squadron are charged with important duties, Hannah. They are posted at Thoro'fare Gap to see that the enemy do not get through there unless they come with heavy force. It is his duty to be alert and active. Every week, he says, the enemy appear in greater numbers, and it looks as though they were planning to ride over into the Shenandoah. He comes to consult father, too, for he has great faith in his judgment."

"Look yonder, Miss Lulie," interrupted Hannah, pointing through the darkening foliage. "It's the Judge coming now. I'll run and call ole Nelse."

But before the servant could reach him, Judge Armistead rode in through the open gateway, dismounted stiffly at the steps, and threw the reins over the pommel. Very pale, weary, and anxious he looked as he took his daughter in his arms and kissed her tenderly. She searched his face with wistful eyes, striving to read his tidings as she led him slowly up to the piazza.

"I came back through the camp of Captain Falconer's men, dear," he said. "I wanted to ask that one of them should come up for the horse to-morrow. I—I cannot spare Nelse to take him back, and yet I could not have gotten over to Orleans without him. It was very kind of Falconer to lend him to me. Has he been here to-day?" and the tired eyes gazed with deep anxiety into hers.

"No, father; no one. Could you hear anything of Henry? Did you—succeed?"

"No, child, no," and he shook his head sadly, wearily. "I can learn nothing. I can collect still less. Even if we *had* money, it would be difficult to buy stores now. They are almost as scarce at Gordonsville and Culpeper as they are at Warrenton. Everything is needed for the army. One thing I heard, and I'm afraid it's true, Lucy."

"What, father?"

"They say the Federals are being heavily re-enforced over there at Chantilly—everywhere, in fact, from Leesburg down beyond Centreville, and that any day now they will come out, seize the gaps, cross over, and cut our line of supplies in the Shenandoah—reoccupy this whole country, in fact. Then it will be too late."

"Too late for what, father?"

"To get away from here and go to Richmond. Lucy, Lucy! Harry never dreamed what hardship and danger he was imposing upon you in sending that poor fellow to us. I had planned to start for Richmond the moment we heard of the possibility of an advance. Has he seemed better to-day?"

"I—I have not seen him, father, but Hannah says he is sleeping now."

The old gentleman took her face in his tremulous hands; her cheeks flushed and burned as he raised it to the waning light. He asked no question, said no word, only looked in her moistened eyes, sadly, wistfully, anxiously.

"Little daughter," at last he spoke, "so long as he is here, helpless and bedridden, I must stay by him. I will not dishonor Harry's draft. I cannot go now and leave him to such care as Nelse could give him. If—if his friends come this way and find him, and carry him off whether we will or not, then are we absolved from responsibility. But, on the contrary, should our secret leak out in any way, and our people insist on searching the house, he is *gone*, and Harry's word will have been broken. If—if he were only able to ride!"

"But he is not, father. Hannah says he has been awake all day, feverish, and seeming worse. He could not ride, I'm sure; and then, even if he could go, every road and pathway is held by our cavalry as far as the heights across the valley. They all say so, and he could not escape. He would be taken, his identity revealed. Oh, father; no, no!"

And she clung to him, hiding her face on his arm, while old Nelse came hobbling around from the barn, and quietly led the horse away.

"Then listen, daughter," he eagerly spoke. "*I* have seen Doctor Loring to-day. He will leave Orleans for Richmond to-morrow night. Aunt Nina is eager for your coming, and the Doctor's daughter goes with him. He will gladly take charge of you and see you safely to the capital and Aunt Nina's roof. I will stay and take care of our guest until he is safe, then leave the old place to care for itself."

But she looked suddenly up into his face and placed her fingers upon his lips. "I will not stir without you, father. I will share whatever fate awaits you here, but not one step do I take until you too can go. Listen!"

"What did you hear?" he asked, after a moment of silence.

"I thought I heard hoofs on the rocky road through the pass—the Hopewell road."

Again they listened intently, but all was still.

"If it were any of Falconer's men, or any of our cavalry, they would hardly be likely to come through that way when all the main roads are open, and whom else have we to expect?" But even as he spoke the old gentleman gazed anxiously into the gloaming.

"I am going into the orchard to look. Wait here for me," she said, and, light as a bird, she fluttered down the steps and around the southern end of the house.

For a moment or so he waited patiently. The mountain road was only a hundred yards away, and there was still light enough to see any objects that might be moving. If his daughter were not mistaken, and shod hoofs were actually on the road, 'twas full time for something to come in sight. No hoof-beats were audible to him, however, and he was just turning to enter the hall when Lucy came running back. He saw her white-robed, slender form as it suddenly reappeared; he had hardly time to wonder at her haste when she flew up the steps—wild-eyed, pallid, panting—thrust a little scrap of paper into his hand, then clung to his arm, trembling from head to foot.

"Read it," she said; "I know what it is."

"Who gave it you?" he asked.

"A man—a stranger—coming through the orchard. He said only these words, 'Danger for you and your visitor. Look out for the cavalry to-night,' handed me this, and was back in the road in an instant. Hear him now!—riding back toward Hopewell."

Hannah was lighting a candle in the hall. By its dim rays the old man unfolded the little scrap and read:

"*You are believed to have a Federal officer secreted under your roof. Within twelve hours search will be made.* VERB. SAT SAP."

"In God's name, whose work is this? What manner of man gave this to you?" he asked.

"A tall, gaunt man in ordinary civilian dress—a man I never saw before."

"But I'se seen him, Miss Lulie, fo' er five times," eagerly exclaimed Hannah; "he was yer the first mawnin' the—the lieutenant rode in," and she raised her eyes and glanced quickly to the head of the stairs. "'N' he's bin yer nosin' round twice. He done tole me he was on special work, an' he hid in the barn cellar when Cap'en Falconer rode up."

"Why didn't you tell me of it?" asked the Judge, angrily.

Hannah's nervous hands plucked at her apron and her face worked piteously. She faltered and could not speak. At last she murmured:

"He said the Rangers kill him if they catch him. He was a Lincoln man."

"Some spy, some skulking, rascally spy, no doubt!" exclaimed the old man. "My God! What *can* not rightfully be said of me? I have betrayed my own people! I have been false to my State! But it's over now. If they come to-night they can have him. I have no way now to act—one way or other."

Softly a door at the head of the stairs had opened. Noiselessly a tall, slender, soldierly form in the undress uniform of a Union cavalry officer had limped to the railing, and now stood dimly revealed in the rays of the solitary candle below.

As the old man ceased, and dropped dejectedly into a chair, Lucy threw herself upon her knees and clasped his wrinkled hand.

"Father! Father! You forget your promise to Harry! You forget—"

But she stopped in sudden confusion, a crimson blush surging to her very temples as she sprang again to her feet. Half-way down the stairs the tall feeble soldier had stopped, clinging to the balustrade.

"Judge Armistead," he said, in a voice weak as a wearied child's. "I have been waiting only for darkness and your coming that I might say farewell. Never can I thank you—and Miss Armistead—enough. I'm well able to ride now, and go I must this very night. God grant no harm may ever come to you and yours for your kindness to Frank Kearny!"

Before either could recover from the surprise occasioned by this gaunt apparition in cavalry dress there came the shuffle of rapid feet through the dining-room, and old Nelse, his eyes bulging, his gray, kinky crop of wool seeming fairly bristling with fear and excitement, rushed into their midst.

"Fo' Gawd's sake, mars'r, hurry! De Rangers is comin' up de road. I's got de horse, suh."

Another moment—he hardly knows how he got there—Lieutenant Kearny is in saddle, clinging feebly to mane and pommel as old Nelse leads the troop horse through the darkness of the orchard and up a winding pathway behind the house. He is only certain of one thing. It was Miss Armistead who whispered,

"Guide him to the hut at the old lookout, Nelse, and stay there till I send."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AFRICA'S CORTEZ.

By DAVID KER.

GOING into the London office of the *New York Herald* on my return from Central Asia in 1873, I found there a small, wiry, sunburnt, keen-eyed man, who was introduced to me as "Mr. Stanley." All England was then ringing with that name, and every one was reading in the pages of *How I Found Livingstone* and *My Kalulu* (a story embodying the career of one of his African attendants) the stirring tale of the author's eight months' march inland from Zanzibar through the perilous and almost unknown region east of the great lakes, till he stood face to face on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, in October, 1871, with the great pioneer whose work he was destined to complete.

Then, of course, the rabid curiosity that can not be happy till it knows what kind of boots a hero wears, and how much sugar he puts in his tea, fastened like a leech upon the new popular lion. Insatiable gossips ferreted out the date of his birth (1840) in a quiet little Welsh cottage near Denbigh, and discovered that he had passed ten of his first thirteen years of life in the poor-house of St. Asaph, had been a pupil-teacher for a twelvemonth at Mold, in Flintshire, had gone to sea in his sixteenth year as cabin-boy of a trading vessel bound for New Orleans, and had been adopted by a merchant of that place named Henry Stanley, who replaced the boy's real name of "John Rowlands" with that which was soon to echo throughout the whole world.

"Adventures are to the adventurous," said Lord Beaconsfield; and Stanley's American life amply verified the pithy saying. By turns a Confederate soldier, a prisoner of war, a petty officer on a Northern gun-boat, an amateur correspondent penning with characteristic coolness the details of a sea-fight while the shot rattled around him like hail, he received from the stern period between 1861 and 1865 a fit training for the mighty work beyond. Even *then* the latter was taking shape in his daring soul, and the Russian officers who met him during his Eastern travels in 1865–6 told me years later, with a glow of honest admiration on their hard faces, how he used to say to them, with the energy of one who

meant what he said, "I'll see the heart of Africa yet before I die, and do something there that shall be remembered."

That prophecy was soon to be fulfilled. The Abyssinian campaign of Magdala, which he witnessed as the New York *Herald* correspondent with General Napier's army, gave to the future Cortez of central Africa his first experience of life in the tropical wilds—an experience that bore ample fruit three years later, when he fought his way through the deadly interior of southeastern Africa to seek the lost Livingstone, whom many had long since given up as dead. It was then that the prompt energy and wonderful power of organization which characterized the man showed themselves in their true proportions. While two relieving expeditions were making slow and elaborate preparations, Stanley darted in and did the work before their very eyes, with means which most men would have thought wholly inadequate. "When the news first came, sir, that you'd found Livingstone," said his trusty English lieutenant, years later, during the dreadful voyage down the Congo, "I was one of them that didn't believe a word of it; but now that I've seen you at work, I believe you could go anywhere and do anything."

Such a man could never be long at rest, and the winter of 1873 saw him on the wing once more, to join Sir Garnet Wolseley's march to Coomassie through the West African kingdom of Ashantee. This campaign—the experiences of which, together with those of his Abyssinian journey, were published not long after in a small volume entitled *Coomassie and Magdala*—must have been of priceless value in preparing him for the mighty enterprise that carried him across the whole breadth of Africa a few years later. In Abyssinia he traversed stony uplands and bare, treeless hills; in Ashantee he met with his first foretaste of that long and terrible struggle through the dense, bristling mass and hot, stifling, vapor-bath atmosphere of the great equatorial forest, which was to be the crowning achievement of his life. During the whole march to Coomassie the invaders were literally shouldering their way through a giant hedge of rank, spiky, poisonous vegetation, reeking with deadly vapors and swarming with unseen enemies. "The crowding trees and coiling creepers" (I quote Stanley's own emphatic words) "almost shut out the light of day, and we marched in a cheerless twilight. Everything here seemed to be weeping; the huge broad leaves kept shedding great drops of water, turning the ground below into a thick paste of mud, in which we sank over ankles at every step, glad to gain even a few feet at a time, though only to halt again directly, and stand shivering in one of these puddles for an hour or more, till some obstruction in front was removed." The Ashantee march was the Congo expedition carved in a cameo.

And now the curtain began to rise upon a drama such as the world had never seen since the great Spanish filibuster hewed his way through Mexico in the sixteenth century. The autumn of 1874 found Stanley once more at Zanzibar, with his face again turned westward toward the "lake country" which had been the scene of his first exploit. All that nature or man could do to arrest his progress—fever, famine, treachery, desertion, adverse weather, the cowardice of his followers, and the obstinate ferocity of his enemies—only roused his indomitable spirit to stronger efforts, till at last (after many a hair-breadth escape and many a desperate battle, and the loss of one of the two gallant English brothers who were the only white men among his one hundred and fifty comrades) he succeeded in filling up the gaps left in the previous surveys of Burton, Speke, and Baker, by determining accurately the position and boundaries of the four great equatorial lakes, viz., the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas, Muta Nzige, and Tanganyika.

To almost any other man such an achievement would have seemed enough for one journey; but to Stanley's untiring energy nothing seemed to have been done while anything remained to do. The great work which brave old Livingstone had died to accomplish was still unfinished, and his daring successor resolved to complete it by the exploration of the mysterious "Lualaba River," which Stanley had already in his secret heart identified with the Congo. On he went in defiance of all obstacles, westward, ever westward, till at length, after a weary struggle of many days through swamp and jungle, he came out upon the bank of the unknown stream and the dreadful journey began.

For untravelled readers it is always hard to estimate the magnitude of such a task, for the simple reason that no one who has not himself faced the horrors of a prolonged struggle through central Africa or central Asia can have the faintest idea of what they really are. To many people a march through tropical forests presents itself merely as a long and rather hot walk, with a slight scarcity of food or water now and then, and a little occasional excitement in the form of a venomous snake or a hungry lion. What it really means is a life which is one long death—weary days and nights of sleepless pain and fever—a rage of gnawing hunger that seems to tear out your very vitals, and a burning, frantic thirst which a whole river could not quench. Day after day you toil through the frightful unending cobweb of the pathless forest, hacking your way amid the gloomy twilight of the giant trees through a black snaky tangle of matted boughs and tough wiry creepers and huge dagger-like thorns, while the damp, foul, steaming vapor makes your head sick and your limbs faint, and you feel your strength failing hour by hour, while knowing all the while that it is death to halt or even to linger. Whether you go by land or by water, everything around you seems hostile—treacherous shoals, sunken rocks, deadly fever-mists, the fierce beast or fiercer savage in the thickets around, the crocodile and hippopotamus in the waters below. Often do you start up from a heavy torpor of utter exhaustion, which is more of a swoon than a sleep, only to find that, with your brain reeling and your limbs sinking beneath you from crushing fatigue, you must retrace your steps over ground traversed at the cost of sufferings more bitter than death itself. And when to all this is added the haunting, ever-present consciousness that not for one moment during that long and weary struggle can you really feel safe, and that the presence of man, so far from being a pledge of help and security, is the one thing to be dreaded and shunned most of all—this is, indeed, to "die daily."

All this and much more did this one man endure, not for a few days or a few weeks, but for *eight months* together. Thirty-two deadly battles with blood-thirsty cannibals, in several of which, as Stanley forcibly said, "it rained poisoned arrows day and night," combined with famine, disease, grinding fatigue, and the hungry waters of the furious river to thin the ranks of the little band. Brave Frank Pocock, Stanley's only surviving white comrade, went mad from sheer misery, and perished by an act of suicidal folly. Very few and weary were the handful of heroes who survived to find themselves "only five marches from white faces" on the lower Congo.

But just as success seemed already in the grasp of their daring leader, an unforeseen peril threatened death to one and all when almost within sight of the European settlements. The rapids that obstructed the river having put a stop to the canoe voyage which had brought them thus far, they were now forced to march overland; and the men, weakened by so many hardships, and now left almost without food, proved quite unequal to the task of carrying heavy loads over the steep, wooded ridges flanking the stream, while the natives, with the stupid and selfish cruelty of the genuine savage, refused to give them food unless rum or something equally precious were offered in exchange.

Only one thing was left to do, and Stanley did it. He sent down his two strongest men to the nearest settlement, bearing a note from himself with an urgent request for immediate supplies, while he and the rest watched and waited through two weary days—every hour of which must have seemed as long as a year—for the coming of the food that was their only hope of life. But it came at last. "You should have heard what a cheer the poor starving fellows set up," said Stanley to me afterward, "when they saw the porters coming up the hill with the stores. I can tell you that was the happiest moment of *my* life."

The story of this unparalleled feat, told by its hero in *Through the Dark Continent* (1878), eclipsed all his former exploits, and made him once more the lion of all Europe. Exaggeration came, as usual, to magnify deeds which little needed it. Nothing seemed too marvellous for the hero of such adventures and such escapes. An honest German, to whom I mentioned that Stanley had had one hundred and twenty-two fevers, asked, eagerly, "Mein Gott! did he have dem *all to once?*" But this enthusiasm was not wholly unalloyed with dissatisfaction. The few who could read in the great pioneer's dark, worn face that expression of native power and command, that "go anywhere and do anything" look which ennobled the harsh features of his two prototypes, Lord Clive and Sir Francis Drake, had no cause for disappointment in comparing his deeds with their doer. But the many who saw their ideal explorer in the towering form, brawny limbs, and bold, bearded face of Sir Samuel Baker found the Congo hero's small, slight frame, and plain, almost coarse features, not at all equal to their expectations; and their displeasure vented itself either in avowed disbelief of his alleged exploits, or in multiplied slanders against his character and motives.

The ridicule cast upon his personal vanity, his filling of his rooms with portraits of himself, and his sensitiveness to the written or spoken criticisms of creatures whom he could well afford to despise, was unhappily not wholly without foundation. But nothing could be more unjust than the charges of wanton cruelty and bloodshed freely made against him by many who ought to have known better. When hemmed in by blood-thirsty cannibals, bent on slaughtering him and all his men, he could fight as fiercely as any Afghan; but no "wanton blood-shedder" would have cleft his way through the savagest region upon earth with such slight loss both to friends and foes. No man reckless of human life would have twice gone alone into a mob of raging savages and levelled spears to preserve peace. No mere destroyer would have kept his armed followers from taking by force from the selfish brutes around them, during that fearful two days' waiting on the lower Congo, the food for want of which they were dying by inches. No naturally cruel man would have spoken with such deep feeling as I have heard him speak of the welcome that greeted his surviving followers in their distant homes at Zanzibar, and of the fate that had befallen those who returned no more: "Poor little Amina said to me when she lay dying, 'This is a bad world, master, and you have lost your way in it.' Then my brave Safeni, the best of them all, went mad, and wandered away into the forest alone, and never came back. When I went out there again I had search made for him in all directions, and offered fabulous amounts of cloth to the chiefs for any news of him; but no—not a word!" The man who could think and speak thus was no Barttelot.

In the light of recent events it is sad to recall Stanley's former hopes of the young King of Uganda, the future murderer of brave Bishop Hannington. "His father M'tesa, my old friend," said he, when I questioned him on this point, "was a very fine fellow, and I think the son will turn out well too; but just now he's too much in the hands of the older men. When he gets free from their influence, I hope something may be made of him." What has been "made of him" so far, the world now knows only too well.

Stanley's later achievements—his return to the Congo in 1879 for the International African Association, his establishment of trading posts along the whole 1400 miles of river up to Stanley Falls, the road-making that earned him his native name of "Bula Matari" (Rock-Breaker), and the system of transport organized by himself and his gallant comrade Major Vetch, the companion of our West African shipwreck with King Okojumbo—have been too fully and recently told in his last book (*The Congo and the Founding of its Free State*) to need repetition here. In 1884 the work was done, and he came home to advocate the making of a railway round the Congo Rapids, thus connecting the inland trade with that of the coast. But the moment the master's hand and eye were removed, the fabric so laboriously reared began to crumble. When I reached the Congo from Gaboon two years later, I found several stations already abandoned, many others "boycotted" by the natives, the river trade at a stand-still, and the officials sickening by scores in consequence of the unwise transfer of the seat of local government from hilly, breezy Vivi to the pestilential hollow of Boma. Disquieted by vague rumors of these mishaps, Stanley was already planning a third visit to his little African kingdom when the "Emin Relief Expedition" summoned him to more exciting work.

When I last saw him in England, just before our own second start for the Congo, he was sorely changed from the hero of Ujiji and Bumbireh. The once gaunt and sinewy frame had "put on flesh" unmistakably. The look of brisk and fearless energy that I knew so well was replaced by the weary, nervous dejection of a caged eagle or a chained lion. The bold, clear outline of the dark, resolute face was gone, the mouth was losing its iron firmness, the hair and mustache were gray. Nothing was left of the Stanley of 1872 and 1877 save the stern, penetrating eyes, and the firm, daring, dauntless spirit that looked through them. The hardships of utter civilization, into which he had so rashly ventured, were telling upon the great specialist of barbarism, and the mission which sent him back once more to the fierce, feverish joy of a grapple with danger and death must have been welcome indeed to one who was far too comfortable to be happy.

PRACTICE MANŒUVRES IN ARIZONA.

A SKETCH by Mr. FREDERIC REMINGTON in the present number of the WEEKLY depicts a recent brilliant achievemeut of Lieutenant CARTER P. JOHNSON, Tenth Cavalry. Operating in command of a raiding party during the field manœuvres of last autumn, he eluded all the efforts made during many weeks to capture him, and at last, under the rules of the manœuvres, was adjudged—as a note of the artist informs us—to have surprised and captured with his small force Fort Bowie and Fort Huachuca.

The novel system of field practice of which Lieutenant JOHNSON's raid forms an incident was established in the autumn of 1887 by General NELSON A. MILES, then commanding the Department of Arizona. Its chief feature is that of sending out a raiding party, well mounted and provided with extra horses, who are to be pursued after a fixed time, while all the post commanders near the probable line of march are hotified to be on the alert and to endeavor to discover, surprise, and capture the raiders. The first half of the month of September, 1887, was occupied in preparing for this practice by making the troops and their officers as well acquainted as possible with the region in which they were serving, and establishing outposts and signal and heliograph stations. Then a party of two officers and twenty men, with pack animals carrying equipage, clothing, etc., started from Fort Huachuca for Fort Apache. In the military game thus to be played there were careful rules to determine whether pursuers or pursued had gained the advantage. Thus the route prescribed for the raiding party was to be east of Fort Bowie, west of Fort Grant, east of Fort Thomas, and west of Fort Apache; and on the return a like limitation of the route was prescribed. Again, after the first day, the raiding party was limited to marching between noon and midnight of each day, but within these limits the commanding officer could select his own line of march, and conceal his men and camps. The pursuers from the various posts were instructed to communicate with each other and with Department head-quarters on discovering any clew to the raiders, and the latter, or any portion of them, were to be regarded as captured when another command of equal numbers should get within hailing distance or bugle sound. Similar raiding parties were sent out from Fort Wingate to Fort Bayard and back, and from Fort Stanton around Fort Bayard. When one party was captured, another was sent out.

When General MILES, near the end of December, reviewed the operations which had thus been conducted through September and October, he found that ten distinct field manœuvres, covering an area of hundreds of miles, had been carried out. In five instances the raiders were overtaken, although they had adopted such devices for escape as temporarily dispersing, or driving cattle across their trail. In the other five instances the raiding detachments misled their pursuers, but were discovered and captured sooner or later by troops lying in wait for them in advance. The most successful of these raids was one in which the whole outward march had been made, and a part of the homeward, before it was checked.

Early in the autumn of the present year General MILES directed a renewal of this sort of field practice, with such improvements in the preparations and the rules as experience had suggested. Without repeating the details, it will be enough to say that the most noteworthy performance was that of Lieutenant JOHNSON, already referred to. Starting out early in October with thirty men of his troop, he circled the posts near his route without discovery, and about November 20th reached Fort Huachuca, having eluded all his opponents through that period. His capture of the post during the absence of a part of its garrison followed. These, it should be understood, are only unofficial memoranda of his exploit, but from the official reports any needed corrections and fuller accounts can in due time be ascertained. Lieutenant JOHNSON, a native of Virginia, enlisted in the army twelve years ago. Promoted to be Corporal and Sergeant in the Third Cavalry, he received his commission as Second Lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry early in 1882, after a successful examination, and the next year was transferred to the Tenth Cavalry. He has had much experience in Indian campaigning both in Arizona and elsewhere during his twelve years of service. Mr. REMINGTON says that he once questioned a man of the troop (colored) of which JOHNSON is a lieutenant, and received this answer: "Oh, he jus' make dem gray hosses sweat blood when he get on de war-path; he's terrible bad man to foller, 'cause he don't neber get tired."

The training and experience derived from these annual manœuvres in Arizona and New Mexico must be valuable, supplemented as they are by detailed reports and suggestions from all detachments that take part in them, either as pursuers or pursued.

THE EXPEDITION TO HAYTI.

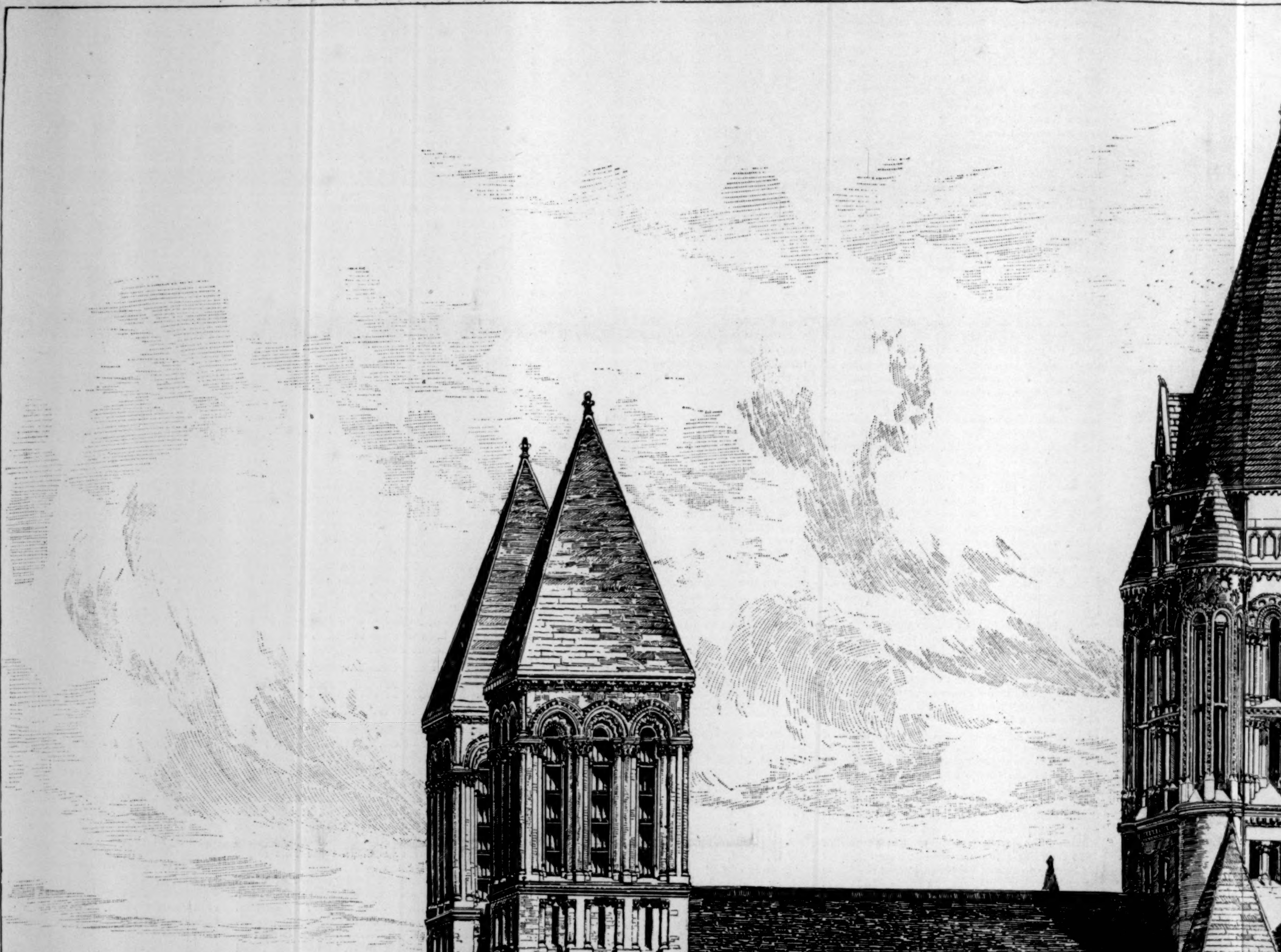
THE expedition to Hayti, under the command of Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce, which sailed from the Brooklyn Navy-Yard on the 12th instant, is the most interesting enterprise of the sort which the United States has undertaken since it sent ships to Aspinwall. The *Galena* and the *Yantic* are not the latest developments of modern naval architecture, but they are, nevertheless, stanch craft that have already done good service, and their officers and sailors are as brave and skilful as sail the sea under any flag. The *Galena* is the Admiral's flag-ship, and her orders are to proceed to Port au Prince and request the release of the steamer *Haytian Republic*, or, in the event of refusal, to seize her by force of arms and take her to some neutral territory where she can be restored to her owners. Naval officials do not anticipate any resistance on the part of the Haytian authorities. Extra precautions have been taken to guard against yellow-fever, and none of the vessels composing the squadron will remain in the vicinity longer than is required to accomplish the purpose of the visit.

If it should turn out that the difficulty cannot be amicably adjusted, the defenses of Port au Prince are not of a character to give us any anxiety, and the navy which General Légitime has at his disposal is not so formidable that we need fear for the fate of the expedition. The *Galena* alone would, probably, be able to give a good account of such a navy as the Haytian, weakened as it is now by the loss of the *Toussaint L'Ouverture*, which was sunk in collision with a German steamer a few days ago. The *Galena* is a strongly built wooden vessel of 1700 tons displacement. Her battery consists of one 60-pounder breech-loading rifle, one 8-inch muzzle-loading rifle, and six 9-inch broadside guns. The two rifles being pivots, enables the vessel to fire five heavy guns at a broadside, throwing six hundred and forty pounds of metal. Three kinds of projectiles are used in the 8-inch rifle, and are termed "short shell," "long shell," and "battering shell." The last-named has a chilled steel head, and explodes by the heat generated by impact. The weight of the charge of powder is thirty-five pounds. She has also a secondary battery composed of two Gatlings, one 3-inch rifle, and two 20-pounder rifled Dahlgrens. When the complement of the vessel is filled, as it is now, she carries twenty-four officers and two hundred men, and with her present gallant commander and crew can be depended upon to sustain her high reputation.

The following is a full list of the *Galena's* officers: Commander, George W. Sumner; Lieutenant-Executive, Reeder; Lieutenant-Navigator, W. J. Barnette; Lieutenants, A. B. Speyers and T. D. Griffin; Ensigns, T. C. Fenton and I. A. Oman; Naval Cadets, H. L. Peckham, M. R. Pigott, and H. K. Benham; Chief-Engineer, D. P. McCartney; Assistant-Engineers, I. G. Little and W. S. Smith; Surgeon, J. G. Ayres; Assistant-Surgeon, R. Percy Crandall; Paymaster, J. R. Martin; Pay-clerk, J. M. Worts; First Lieutenant of Marines, B. R. Russell; Gunner, T. M. Johnson; Boatswain, S. McCarthy; Carpenter, M. F. Roberts; Sail-maker, M. P. Barr.

On board the *Galena* with Admiral Luce are his secretary, Lieutenant J. C. Colwell; Lieutenant John F. Meigs, Fleet-gunnery Officer; and Mr. B. C. Morse, the owner of the seized American vessel, *Haytian Republic*.

Although Rear-Admiral Luce has seen nearly half a century of naval service, he did not reach the rank of Captain until long after the Civil War. He is now second on the active list of Rear-Admirals, and commands the North Atlantic station. The settlement of the trouble with Hayti, therefore, falls within his province, and in intrusting to him the command of the expedition the Secretary of the Navy only observes the proper etiquette of the service, although the duty is one which requires in the commander not only courage and professional skill, but great tact and prudence. The Admiral is a middle-aged man, with long, iron-gray side-whiskers, which decorate a long, thin, deeply tanned but strong-featured and kindly-looking face. He is tall, slim, and wiry, alert in manner, and frank and hearty in speech. His whole appearance, in short, inspires confidence that he is the right man for the present mission.



THE LATE HENRY HOBSON RICHARDSON'S DESIGN FO

FOR AN AMERICAN CATHEDRAL.—[See Supplement.]

A SYMPHONY IN UMBRELLAS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. and MRS. C. BIXBY BROWN.
MR. and MRS. MAXWELL GREEN.
MISS GREEN.
MR. ARTHUR P. DRAKE.
MISS BROWNING.
MR. COURTNEY TURNER.
A Station Agent.

SCENE.—In and about Boston.

Monday, 8.30 A.M. (Mr. *and* Mrs. C. Bixby Brown *emerge from their suburban home, and walk in the direction of the station. It is a fine bright morning.* Mrs. Brown *suddenly stops, and dashes toward the house.*)

Mr. B. Where are you going, Mary? We shall lose the train.

Mrs. B. Oh, I forgot to take my umbrella, and I must have it.

[*She disappears into the house; a few minutes later she reappears, and hurries after her husband, with a pretty silver-topped umbrella in her hand.*

Mr. B. I should think you were crazy, my dear, to take an umbrella to-day. There is not a cloud to be seen anywhere.

Mrs. B. Charles, you never know in this climate what the weather is going to be for more than fifteen minutes at a time. Perhaps you have heard the old saying, "It's a wise man who takes an umbrella when it is pleasant; any fool will take one when it rains."

Mr. B. Don't appropriate that saying, my dear, for it makes no reference to a woman's carrying an umbrella at all. A woman never has any idea when to carry an umbrella, and—

Mrs. B. And then, I suppose, there should always be a man on hand ready to hold one over her when it rains. That, Charles, is a luxury which we can't expect here in Massachusetts, and I for one am not sorry it is so. A man does not understand how to hold an umbrella over anything but his own silk hat.

Mr. B. You will have to walk a trifle faster, Mary, as I have just heard the whistle.

Mrs. B. I really can't hurry a bit more, and I wish I could go to town once without having to run down that dreadful hill. Why is it that you never allow time enough for us to walk there comfortably?

Mr. B. I did, but it took you so long to put on that new bonnet, and then you would go back for that useless umbrella, which you no more need than—

Mrs. B. Indeed I do. If it does not rain I shall want it to use as a sunshade; and when you knew I had on my new bonnet, the least you could have done would have been to bring an umbrella for me in the first place.

Mr. B. Oh, by-the-way, is that the thirty-five-dollar bonnet I got a bill for yesterday—

Mrs. B. Charles, I hear the train.

Mr. B. That's so, and I have a directors' meeting the first thing this morning.

Mrs. B. You run for it, Charles—please do—and I will take the next one; it is only fifteen minutes later. [Mr. B. *disappears, and* Mrs. B *strolls slowly down to the station. As she steps upon the platform she remarks to herself:*] I was foolish to bring an umbrella this morning. I believe that I will leave it with the station-master.

[*She steps into the waiting-room, and appears without it just as the train stops at the station.*

12.30 P.M. (Mrs. Brown *is standing inside of the outer glass doors of a great dry-goods store, hopelessly watching the heavy rain-drops which are persistently descending without. As* Mrs. Green *starts to leave the store,* Mrs. Brown *rushes toward her, exclaiming:*)

Mrs. B. I am so glad to see a friend with an umbrella! I have stood here for a perfect age, waiting for it to stop raining. Will you let me walk over to Tremont Street with you when you go?

Mrs. G. I should be perfectly delighted. Come right along. I am so pleased to think I appeared just in the nick of time. I am getting so English now that I hardly stir from the house without an umbrella. Did anything ever equal the weather this season for uncertainty?

Mrs. B. I always believe in being prepared for an emergency, and I started from home this morning with an umbrella; but Mr. Brown made so much fun of me that I foolishly left it at the station.

Mrs. G. That is always the way with a man. Mr. Green has such a horror of carrying anything superfluous about with him that he would rather be drenched a hundred times than carry an umbrella one pleasant day. Mr. Green may be worse than most men, but it requires all my threats and persuasions to get him to take an umbrella even when it rains.

Mrs. B. I think I will take this next car, as it goes by the station; and I am so much obliged to you for your protection from the elements.

Mrs. G. I will take the same car, as it goes almost to my own door.

[*They stop the car and enter. There is one vacant seat on the left.*

Mrs. B. You sit there, Mrs. Green.

Mrs. G. Oh no; I insist upon your taking it.

Mrs. B. But I don't care to sit down, and you know that I get out first.

Mrs. G. Then of course you must sit down, and I will take the seat when you get out. [*Another lady enters the car, and as she approaches the empty seat* Mrs. Green *drops into it, remarking.*] Well, it is too bad not to have the seat occupied.

[*A gentleman next to her rises, and offers his seat to* Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. B. No, indeed; keep your seat; I had much rather stand.

[*She nevertheless sinks into the seat. They continue to converse until the station is reached, when* Mrs. Brown *rises hastily, and after exhausting the conductor's patience by her numerous last words to* Mrs. Green, *she sails out of the car, carrying in her hand the umbrella, which has stood between them. She reaches the sidewalk before she realizes this fact.*

Mrs. B. Oh, what have I done! Here—stop! stop, I say! [*She waves at the receding car. The conductor has vanished from sight, however, and all the men on the back platform are looking the other way.*] Oh, what will Mrs. Green think of me! How could I be so absent-minded! I suppose it was owing to her thrilling description of that splendid new charity which provides a happy home for all the poor little sick and forsaken dogs. I'm sure she will know it was accidental, and I will send it back as soon as I can; besides, the car takes her almost to her door.

[Mrs. B. *enters the station.*

[*In the mean time* Mrs. Green *gets ready to leave the car at her own street, and as she prepares to rise she looks for her umbrella, but finds it gone; then she remembers that the man who sat next to her has but just risen to leave the car. She hastily rises and looks about, remarking audibly,*

Mrs. G. Has any one seen an ivory-handled umbrella? [*No one responds, and she waves at the conductor.*] Stop that man in the rubber coat. He has taken my umbrella.

[*The car has stopped for him to get off, and she hurriedly alights beside him, while the car goes on, leaving them confronting each other from the opposite sides of a large mud-puddle. He holds toward her a buck-horn-handled umbrella, which bears the name* A. P. Drake *conspicuously engraved upon a silver plate.*

Mr. D. If this is your umbrella, madam, allow me to restore it to you at once.

Mrs. G. Oh, I beg a thousand pardons! I thought you must— I could not think what had become of mine. It was a dreadful mistake.

[*She puts her hand regretfully up to her bonnet.*

Mr. D. (*opens his umbrella and holds it over her*). It was not flattering to my pride, I assure you, but allow me to heap coals of fire upon your head by sheltering your bonnet to its destination.

Mrs G. I have only a few steps to go, but I appreciate your kindness most fully, and I cannot apologize half enough for my rudeness. This is the house. [*He glances up at the door-plate.*

Mr. D. Why, is it possible that you are Mrs. Maxwell Green?

Mrs. G. I certainly am.

Mr. D. Why, I have known your husband for years, and have been intending to look him up ever since I came to Boston. Have you never heard him speak of Arthur Drake?

Mrs. G. Yes, indeed, very often; and now you must come in and get dry. Yes, I insist; Max will be home to luncheon, and would never forgive me if I let you go.

[*After some further hesitation* Drake *decides to go in; he leaves his dripping umbrella in the vestibule.*

Mrs. G. Leave your coat here in the hall, and come right up into the sitting-room, where there is a cozy wood fire.

[*As* Drake *walks into the sitting-room,* Miss Green *runs down-stairs, with her hat and mackintosh on.*

Miss G. Oh, mamma! I'm so glad you have come in! I am going down to take luncheon with Alice Browning. I think I will take your umbrella. [Mrs. G., *who has entered the sitting-room, does not hear her last remark.*] How it pours!

[*She puts up* Mr. Drake's *umbrella and hurries away. At the corner she is overtaken by her next-door neighbor,* Courtney Turner, *with his coat collar turned up, and a soft hat pulled down over his ears.*

Turner. Why, is that Miss Green under such a big umbrella? I wondered who was the happy owner. Somebody kindly borrowed mine from the office this morning, without saying "By your leave."

Miss G. Do come under mine. I hope I'm not selfish enough to want the whole of such a big one.

Turner. Well, since you urge it, I think I will, and I suppose I may be allowed the pleasure of holding it over you. On the whole, I think I was more in want of your society than of your umbrella, after all; so I sacrificed a whole cigar when I saw you from my window opening that big umbrella on the steps.

Miss G. I never expected that any one would make such a tremendous sacrifice on my account, and I do thoroughly appreciate your disinterestedness in wanting to hold a big heavy umbrella over me; but your statements don't coincide very well: if I recall your first remarks, you were much surprised to find that I was the happy owner, etc.

Turner. True, I was surprised to think you owned such a large one. I thought you had taken somebody else's by accident, but I see it's all right—name on the handle. [*He scrutinizes the plate.*] You *have* been borrowing some one's property. Who is A. P. Drake?

Miss G. (*much surprised*). A. P. Drake! Why, I thought I took mamma's umbrella. She certainly brought it home with her, for it was wet when I found it in the vestibule.

Turner. Never mind, it will keep the rain off you just as well as if you were Mr. Drake; and think how much better off you are than you would be if Mr. Drake had gone off with your umbrella. It is a pretty good one, by-the-way, English make. I think I should hold on to it if I were you; you can have his name scratched off easily enough.

Miss G. Oh, Mr. Turner, how unkind you are! If you don't stop talking that way I shall turn round and make you walk home again with me while I leave the old umbrella.

Turner (*stopping*). A first-rate idea! suppose we try it, and then I will walk back to Miss Browning's with you afterward.

Miss G. (*severely*). I think I will go the rest of the way in a horse-car, Mr. Turner.

[*They continue to walk, however, until* Miss Browning's *door is reached. It is at once thrown open by* Miss Browning *herself, who has been watching for her friend.*

Miss B. I knew you would not disappoint me, and now you must spend the night. How do you do, Mr. Turner? Won't you come in?

Turner. No, thanks; I'm on my way downtown, so I'll say good-by.

Miss G. Oh, Mr. Turner, wait a moment. Did you really expect me to stay all night, Alice?

Miss B. I won't take no for an answer.

Miss G. Well, if Mr. Turner will stop and tell mamma on his way home from the office, I should love to stay.

Turner. I should be most happy to do so.

[*Turns to leave.*

Miss G. And oh, would you mind taking back that umbrella? I should be so glad to have it off my mind. And you can enjoy it between times. [Turner *departs with the umbrella.*

3 o'clock P.M. (Mr. *and* Mrs. Green *and* Mr. Drake *are seated about the sitting-room fire.*)

Drake (*rising*). I really must be going. You can't think how much I have enjoyed myself; it seems like old times to see Max once more. I thank you for your hospitality, Mrs. Green, and believe me I am truly grateful for the umbrella episode.

Mrs. G. I am so sorry you must go; we have hardly caught a glimpse of you yet.

[Mr. G. *helps* Drake *on with his coat, and opens the door.*

Mr. G. I believe you left that famous umbrella here.

Drake. Yes; I stood it up outside the inner door.

Mr. G. It is not here. [*Calls up.*] Fanny, what was done with Mr. Drake's umbrella? It is not in the vestibule.

Mrs. G. No one has touched it. Look again.

Mr. G It is certainly gone. I hope it hasn't been stolen. We never had such a thing happen.

Drake (*laughing*). Don't worry about it; you know umbrellas are common property, and I hardly need one with my rubber coat.

Mr. G. I won't let you off without one, however. You must take mine, which, by-the-way, belongs to somebody else. I made an exchange down-town at some office this morning, and I rather got the best of it, as mine was an old one. You keep it, and I will send yours around as soon as it turns up.

Drake. Well, for the sake of peace, I will take it. Good-by, and I shall see you again before long. [*As he walks off he soliloquizes:*] What a symphony in umbrellas! Of course some one stole mine from that vestibule. I hope that Green won't feel bound to replace it.

6 o'clock P.M. (Courtney Turner *boards an up-town car, umbrella in hand, and finds a seat in the corner near the front door. He soon becomes conscious of the fact that the man who occupies the opposite corner of the car has his eyes fixed upon him. He also notices that the eyes of his vis-à-vis turn from time to time toward the handle of the umbrella which he supports.* Turner *gladly avails himself of the entrance of a lady to rise from his seat and withdraw from such steadfast scrutiny. As he steps upon the front platform a hand is laid upon his arm, and a stern voice demands:*)

Drake. May I ask where you got that umbrella?

Turner (*gruffly*). I suppose you may, as this is a free country.

[*As* Turner *begins to wonder if this can really be the owner of the umbrella, his eyes fall upon the umbrella in the other's hand, which, with a start of surprise, he recognizes as his own.*

Drake (*still more sternly*). Will you tell me where you got that umbrella?

Turner (*wrathfully*). No, I will not. But I should be glad to know how you came into possession of the one you carry.

Drake. Confound your impudence! I tell you that is my umbrella.

Turner. Your umbrella, indeed! Is it possible that you can have such effrontery? Perhaps you think it a delightful joke to go about stealing umbrellas from gentlemen's offices; but if you expect to be presented with others for the asking, you are mistaken, sir.

Drake. You rascal, give me my umbrella this moment, or I'll have you arrested: sneaking into vestibules for umbrellas, overcoats, and I know not what, and then having the audacity to actually claim—

Turner (*interrupting him*). How dare you call me a rascal, you scoundrel! I tell you I will have my umbrella at once.

Drake. Scoundrel, indeed! Give that umbrella to me this moment; my name is on the handle—A. P. Drake. I tell you I will prove it, and have you arrested. I—

Turner (*a sudden light beginning to dawn upon him*). If you are really Mr. Drake, I shall be glad to return your property when you have apologized for your unexampled behavior, sir. May I ask if you left your umbrella at Mrs. Maxwell Green's this afternoon?

Drake. Oho! so you are preparing to own that you happened to pass that way during the shower, and not having an umbrella—

Turner (*stiffly*). Allow me to finish the sentence for you. I was passing that way without an umbrella, when I overtook Miss Green, who offered to shelter me under hers. On our way down-town we discovered "A. P. Drake" on the handle, and Miss Green (who, it is needless to say, is not in the habit of stealing umbrellas) was surprised to find that her mother must have returned from down-town with somebody else's. You may have the satisfaction of knowing that I am now on my way to Mrs. Green's to return this self-same umbrella. I will refrain from asking you where you obtained the one which *you* now have in your possession, though this morning I would have ventured to assert that it belonged to me.

Drake. My dear friend, I beg your pardon! I begin to see there has been some strange mistake, some very queer misunderstanding. If I have been rude and hasty, I humbly apologize. This umbrella was given me by Mr. Maxwell Green when mine was missed, and I think he told me it was one he had brought home by mistake. If it is yours, take it by all means. Fair exchange is no robbery. [*Hands* Turner *his umbrella.*

Turner (*presenting* Drake *with his*). Allow me to return your umbrella, Mr. Drake, with thanks for a delightful walk which I had under it this noon; and since you don't care to have me arrested, suppose we part friends.

[*They shake hands, and* Turner *gets off the car.*

7 P.M. (Mr. *and* Mrs. C. Bixby Brown *are at dinner.*)

Mrs. B. And so, Charles, *you* are responsible for my carrying off Mrs. Green's umbrella, for if you had not been so disagreeable this morning I should never have thought of leaving mine with the station-master. I don't know what Mrs. Green will think of me, I'm sure. You must go there yourself with it the very first thing in the morning and apologize.

Mr. B. Yes, my dear; but I think it would be better to take it into Green's office in the morning, and tell him about it. I think he will enjoy the joke. Ha! ha! how like a woman!

Mrs. B. If you do take it there, Mrs. Green will never hear of it for months. You know how forgetful you always are about such things.

Mr. B. That is the way with women; they are so impatient—

Mrs. B. Women impatient! I like that! I never saw a man who would stay quietly in his seat for a train to get into the station, if he had oceans of time to wait when he got there; and you know that if you had not been in such a hurry to rush in to an old directors' meeting you might have staid with me until the second train.

Mr. B. And have kept the other directors waiting while I walked up and down the platform twenty minutes.

Mrs. B. There *was* a time when you did not find twenty minutes of my society such a dreadful thing. What difference would twenty minutes make to the other directors? They would only be grateful to you for giving them an additional chance to talk politics.

Mr. B. Certainly, my dear, they would have rather liked it if I had kept them waiting the whole morning.

Mrs. B. And you know, Charles, that I never should have thought of leaving my umbrella at the station if you had been with me. After you had advised me not to take it, I should have held on to it, unless I had taken leave of every particle of self-respect I possessed. So you see it was all your fault.

Mr. B. Well, I can't see that much harm is done. I presume your umbrella is still at the station?

Mrs. B. I could not very well bring home two umbrellas when it was raining, and I had to hold up my skirts—even if I had remembered it.

Tuesday, 8.30 A.M. (Mr. Brown *enters the station with an ivory-handled umbrella in his hand, and hails the station-master.*)

Mr. B. Have you got a silver-topped umbrella there? My wife left one here yesterday morning, and forgot to call for it when she came out from town.

Station Agent. I don't think so, but I will see. [*He disappears, and returns after a short parley with his assistant.*] I remember there was one left here yesterday morning, but Smith says that a lady called for it just after the shower began. He was not here when it was left; but the lady that called for it only said, "I will take my umbrella now." He said, "Is this yours?" and she said, "Yes, it is," and took it.

[Mr. C. Bixby Brown, *after making* Mrs. Green *a pleasant and informal morning call, spends the remainder of the day at numberless umbrella stores, looking for a special pattern of silver-topped umbrella.*

CAROLINE TICKNOR.

REAR-ADMIRAL LE ROY.

DEATH has been busy of late in the ranks of the retired admirals of our little navy. Within the short space of a month we have had to record the deaths of Rear-Admirals BALDWIN and SIMPSON, and to these must be now added that of Rear-Admiral WILLIAM EDGAR LE ROY, who died at the Victoria Hotel on the 10th instant from the effects of a paralytic stroke.

Rear-Admiral LE ROY was born at Pelham, New York, March 14, 1818. His family is among the oldest of New York, and his grandfather was the principal partner of the shipping firm of LE ROY & BAYARD, well known at the beginning of this century. His father was educated at a military school in Paris, and attracted the notice of NAPOLEON I., who offered him a commission, which was, however, refused. When fourteen years of age he was appointed Midshipman in the navy, being attached to the frigate *Delaware*, of the Mediterranean Squadron. He received his commission as Lieutenant July 13, 1843, and served for a short time in the Mediterranean on Commodore ISAAC HULL'S flag-ship the *Ohio*. He was subsequently assigned to the steamer *Princeton*, and took part in the engagement with Mexican soldiers at Rio Aribiqua in 1847.

During the war of the rebellion he was in command of the side-wheeler the *Keystone State* at the capture of Fernandina, Florida, and a year

later at the engagement of iron-clads off Charleston, South Carolina. In this conflict, his vessel being attacked in force by rebel iron-clads, whose heavy shot riddled his boilers and killed and wounded twenty-four men, he was compelled to haul down his flag. The rebels, however, continuing their fire, Commander LE ROY hoisted his flag again, and renewed his fire with the only gun that could be brought to bear. A fleet came to his rescue, the rebels were driven home, and the battered *Keystone State* was towed to Port Royal. In 1864, at the battle of Mobile Bay, he commanded the steam-sloop *Ossipee*, and had the satisfaction, after a hard fight, of receiving the surrender of the Confederate ram *Tennessee*. He received his Captaincy in 1866, and was promoted to Commodore four years later. In 1872 he was appointed senior officer of the Board of Examiners, and on April 5, 1874, he was made Rear-Admiral, and detailed to the command of the South Atlantic Station. When the *Virginius* trouble with Cuba arose he was appointed to the command of the North Atlantic Squadron, and he gathered a fleet of forty iron-clads to proceed to Cuba; but the difficulty being amicably settled, the expedition was abandoned.

Rear-Admiral LE ROY was in command of the European Squadron when he retired in 1880, and since that time he has resided for the most part in New York city. When he left his flag-ship, the *Trenton*, for the last time, his officers paid him the unprecedented honor of manning his boat and rowing him ashore. The deceased officer, whose graceful bearing and courtly manners gained him the sobriquet of "the CHESTERFIELD of the navy," was no less popular in civilian circles than among his officers. He was a well-known figure at the fashionable summer resorts, and divided his winters between New York, where he was a member of the Union League Club, and Florida. He was twice married. His first wife was ELIZABETH NICOLL WYCKOFF, daughter of HENRY WYCKOFF, a New York merchant, and who was the mother of his two surviving children, HENRY W. LE ROY, the treasurer of the Simonds Manufacturing Company, of New York, and a married daughter, MRS. GEORGE W. THACHER, also of New York. In 1881 he married MRS. MARY BERTRAM STUMP, sister-in-law of Colonel HERMAN STUMP, member-elect to Congress from Maryland.

IS THE FAST OCEAN STEAM-SHIP SAFE?

THOUGH the big new steam-ship of the Inman-International Line, the *City of New York*, has not yet developed the speed expected of her by her owners, she has made several very fast runs, and doubtless when the triple expansion engine with which she is provided has fallen into regular working order she may nearly, if not quite, cover the twenty-two and a half miles per hour so confidently predicted of her.

When the new steam-ships of the Guion and the Hamburg-American lines are launched there will be an added probability of seeing the present record speedily broken in the struggle that will inevitably follow. Indeed Mr. Pearce, chairman of the Guion Line, has declared that the day is not far distant when the Atlantic will be crossed in four days without in any way sacrificing safety to speed. Further improvements universally adopted, like the triple expansion engine and forced draught, doorless water-tight compartments, and powerful pumps, equal to throwing out forty to fifty tons of water per minute, will, he is confident, make the steam-ship of the future both safe and fast.

The testimony of several distinguished steam-ship captains demonstrates satisfactorily that a passenger on board a very fast ocean steamer is, to say the least, quite as safe as on a slow one. Increased speed does not necessarily add to the danger. On the contrary, it is claimed that the ship of great power not only diminishes the period of exposure to such dangers as there may be in the transatlantic voyage, but that she is also better fitted for meeting these dangers. Fast ships are superior as sea boats to ships of smaller power, more easily handled in fogs and heavy weather despite their enormous size, and, as Captain Murray, of the *Alaska*, pointed out, "Their speed often enables them to make land by daylight and to save tides when slower ships would have to approach a treacherous coast at night and anchor outside the harbor while waiting for a tide." When the *Britannic* and *Germanic*, of the White Star Line, first came out, they were looked upon as marvels of speed, and fears were entertained that such speed would be dangerous, and that collisions would certainly occur. As time passed on, and passage after passage was made with such precision that almost the hour of arrival could be accurately determined, and as no accident happened, the confidence of the public was finally gained, and travellers were glad to take passage by them, and thereby curtail the tedium and distress which are often (as in the notable case of the late Henry Ward Beecher, for instance) inseparable from the most luxurious and expeditious navigation. Both ships are still running, and with the exception of the collision between the *Britannic* and the *Celtic* in May, 1887, they have been exempt from accidents. Since the advent of the *Britannic* and *Germanic*, the Cunard, Inman, Guion, French, and North German Lloyd lines have all built ships superior in size and speed to the two named, and the eight-day passages of the White Star steamers have been reduced to a little over six days by the *Etruria* and the *Umbria* of the Cunard Line. The French and North German Lloyd's, too, have reduced theirs from ten and eleven days to about seven, and without any serious disaster. These facts most clearly demonstrate to the travelling public the fact that the increase of speed in the passenger steamers of the present day has not caused an increase of danger, and that they are quite as safe as the slow steamers of the past. The vessel that is the shortest time at sea is the shortest time in danger, if the system of insurance is considered, and the vessel that can go twenty miles an hour in clear weather can afford to lay to for hours in thick weather or fog, while, as admitted by the chairman of the Cunard Company at one of its recent meetings, the full capital of a single fast Atlantic liner is saved in a year by the maintenance of special services with a boat less.

Apropos of the question of expense, it may be remembered by those interested in such matters that the author of *Merchant Shipping* vigorously declaimed ten years ago against what he called "the almost insane desire for increased speed in locomotion by land and sea," by persons who did not consider that high speed involved increased danger, and accordingly increased cost in navigation. Now it is no doubt true that high speed can only be maintained by high power, and that high speed and high power require stronger parts in everything: in the material of which the ship is built, as well as additional firemen and expenditure of fuel. All this is well understood by ship-builders, who can strengthen the vessels they turn out to any speed that is required, leaving the extra expenditure entirely to the owners for which they are intended. On the other hand, however, it is a noteworthy fact, in connection with the question of cost, that during the last ten years an increased tonnage of fifty per cent. has been propelled forty-three per cent. more miles by only forty per cent. increase in coal consumption, a marked economy being thus effected.

When the ill-starred Collins Line was competing with the Cunard, Mr. Bayard, one of the management, in speaking on behalf of his proposal to "run the Cunarders off the Atlantic," said, "We must have speed, *extraordinary* speed—a speed with which our vessels can overtake any vessel they pursue, and escape from any vessel they wish to avoid." The Cunard Company gained in the struggle, partly through good fortune and partly through superior management, though not as regards speed. But Mr. Bayard's ideas are entirely shared by British ship-owners at the present day, when high class merchant vessels are specially built with a view to being selected, at most remunerative rates, on the mere rumor of war, to act as armed cruisers supremely qualified either for pursuit or avoidance of the enemy. In actual war such vessels could run the Atlantic blockade, while it would be unsafe to allow slow vessels to put to sea, for their capture would be certain.

But there would seem to be a peril connected with the ocean voyage much more serious than any supposed to arise from a high rate of speed. This peril springs from the want of adequate sound signals for use in foggy weather. Several different codes have been laid before the English Board of Trade and the Admiralty, but although the necessity for such signals has been strongly asserted by seafaring men, none have as yet been adopted. The international rules of to-day, with one or two slight exceptions, are the same as they were years ago. Ships at sea depend entirely upon visible and audible signals to convey to each other information of their whereabouts and the courses steered. The mast-head and colored side lights of steamers are often insufficient to prevent collisions at night even in clear weather; in thick fog they are, of course, entirely useless. Signals by sound are found almost equally unsatisfactory. When in a fog the only means a commander has of making known his approach to another vessel is the single blast of the steam-whistle, which conveys no information regarding the course he is steering. The ear is incapable, in many instances, of locating the quarter whence the sound proceeds. Even were accurate observation possible, the deflection of the sound from waves, and its refraction in passing from dense to lighter fog, or *vice versa*, would so modify the course of the sound waves that when they reached the ear they would not indicate the true bearing of the other ship. The new codes proposed give certain blasts for each point of the compass, so that a vessel using one of them can, it is claimed, indicate to an approaching vessel the course she is steering. The different steam-ship companies acknowledge the necessity for such signals, and would willingly use them as an additional element of safety; but as the Board of Trade, with proverbial British slowness, has taken no measures in that direction, it is useless to adopt them unless they can be enforced generally. Consequently the present system of fog signals limits itself to the use of the long and short blasts, or high and low pitched notes, to convey information. The system is ineffective because it requires a complicated telegraphic code, such as few seamen would understand or use to transmit the information needed by ships approaching each other; and even if sea officers generally learned such a code, it would fail of its purpose quite as often as it succeeded. It does not help a captain much to know the course another ship is steering if he does not know whether that ship is ahead, astern, or on either beam.

It appears, therefore, that people who go to sea cannot yet hope to be free from the dangers of collisions in a fog. There is absolutely no certain protection against them except such as is to be found in the strength of the ship herself. It is here that the future is full of promise. If the experiment of the *City of New York* with water-tight bulkheads to the upper deck, with no openings through them, is to succeed, the dangers of a collision will be reduced to a minimum, for a ship so constructed will be absolutely unsinkable. "The question of safety," says the Messrs. Thompson, the builders of the *City of New York*, "is not wholly dependent on avoiding collisions; if proper structural arrangements are made, a ship may be as safe after a collision as before it." The promise is comforting in the highest degree; let us hope that even in our day it will be made good.

GENERAL R. B. AYRES.

THE army loses a gallant and distinguished soldier, a man whose genial qualities endeared him to a large circle of friends, in the death of Brevet Major-General ROMEYN B. AYRES, Colonel of the Second Artillery, which occurred December 4th at Fort Hamilton. Born in Montgomery County, New York, December 20, 1825, he graduated from West Point in 1847, just in time, as Brevet Second Lieutenant of the Fourth Artillery, to share in the final operations of the war with Mexico. Made Second Lieutenant of the Third Artillery September 22, 1847, he became First Lieutenant March 16, 1852, and was employed in garrison and frontier duty until the outbreak of the civil war. Then he was made a Captain in the Fifth Artillery. It is doubtful whether any officer took part in more battles than General AYRES, whose history is coincident with that of the Army of the Potomac. He was engaged at Blackburn's Ford, July 18, 1861, and three days afterward at Bull Run. He was Chief of Artillery, first of W. T. SMITH's division and then of the Sixth Corps, through the Peninsula campaign and the Maryland campaign of MCCLELLAN, and until April, 1863. At Chancellorsville he commanded a brigade in the Fifth Corps, and at Gettysburg and afterward throughout the war a division of the same corps. His brevets alone tell a remarkable story of continuous field duty, that of Major being given to him for Gettysburg, that of Lieutenant-Colonel for the Wilderness campaign, that of Colonel for the battle on the Weldon Railroad, that of Brigadier-General for Five Forks, and that of Major-General for gallant and meritorious services in the field during the war. In addition he had a brevet of Major-General of Volunteers for "conspicuous gallantry in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Jericho Mills, Bethesda Church, Petersburg, and Globe Tavern, and for faithful services in the campaign." He had held the rank also of Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

After the war he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-eighth Infantry, but was transferred to the Third Artillery in 1870, and became Colonel of the Second in 1879. A son by his first marriage is Lieutenant C. G. AYRES, Tenth Cavalry, and his second wife and two young daughters survive him. He had come North from his head-quarters at St. Augustine last April for medical treatment, and had resided at Fort Hamilton, where the funeral ceremonies took place. Thence the body of the gallant veteran was taken by sorrowing friends and comrades to Washington, and buried with military honors in Arlington Cemetery.

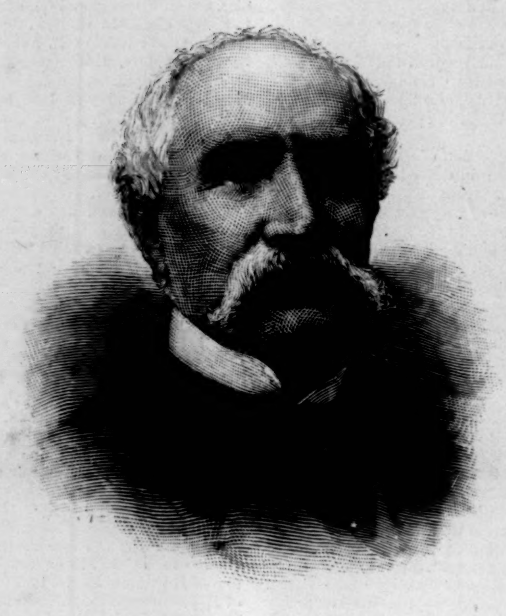
BOSTON'S NEW MAYOR.

MR. THOMAS NORTON HART, who was elected on the 11th inst. Mayor of Boston, inherited at his birth those characteristics of foresight, prudence, energy, and honesty which are the possession of the descendants of so many of the old New England families, and which in the last generation or two have done so much to imprint the influence of New England thought and custom in all those parts of this country to which settlers from that section have gone. Mr. HART was born in the little town of North Reading, Massachusetts, in 1829. His parents were country people of small means, and as the outlook at home was limited, they decided to send him, when he had arrived at the age of thirteen, to earn his living in Boston. He found employment in a dry-goods store on Kilby Street, then the centre of the dry-goods business of that city, and exhibited sufficient evidences of natural ability to convince his employers that his opportunities in life would be larger if he possessed a better education. It was therefore at their suggestion that, after he had been rather more than a year in their employ, he concluded to go back to his old home, re-enter school, and make up what both he and they recognized to be his deficiencies in the ordinary rudiments of knowledge. After a school term of eight months he returned to Boston, at fifteen years of age, and found employment as clerk in a retail hat store on Hanover Street. Six years later he made a change, obtaining a position as salesman in a jobbing house dealing in hats and furs, and gave in this position such evidences of ability that five years later, when twenty-six years of age, he was taken as a partner into the firm. In 1860 Mr. HART formed the firm of HART, TAYLOR, & Co., of which he is still in name the head, and continued in business until December, 1877, when, having succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune, he concluded to retire from active business. A year later he was elected President of the Mount Vernon National Bank—a position which he still holds, but which has demanded but a few hours of his time each day. About the same time he was elected a member of the Boston Common Council, serving in that branch three years, and afterward was honored for three years by his constituents by elections to the Board of Aldermen. These six years of service in the legislative branch of the city government of Boston will prove of great service to him in the position to which he is now elected, for during that period he served on almost all of the important committees, and by the time and intelligence which he was prepared to give to public work he obtained an insight into the methods of municipal government. On a purely political basis the city of Boston is strongly Democratic. In past elections it has been found necessary by the non-partisan citizens to nominate a Democrat in order to secure the election of their candidate, for the reason that a sufficient number of Democratic voters could not be obtained for a candidate who was known to be a Republican. But the experience, the leisure, and the unquestionable ability of Mr. HART made a large number of his fellow-citizens look upon him as an exceptionally promising candidate in spite of his strong Republican affiliations. In 1886 the nomination of a Labor candidate for the Mayoralty gave the Republicans of Boston confidence in the possibility of winning a political victory with Mr. HART as their candidate. In this hope they were disappointed, for the Democratic candidate, Mayor O'BRIEN, was re-elected by a plurality of more than 4000. In the following year the methods pursued by the Democratic machine in municipal politics disgusted so many of the respectable members of the party that it was thought that Mr. HART would be able to overcome the nominal adverse majority. His friends were again disappointed, for on this occasion Mayor O'BRIEN secured a re-election, though with a majority brought down to about 1500. During the past year the dissatisfaction at the methods of the political machine further increased, and at the election on the 11th inst. Mr. HART secured a majority of about 2000, although the vote in Boston in the national election of the month previous had given Mr. CLEVELAND a plurality of more than 8000. It is the opinion of those who know Mr. HART best that he will give the citizens of Boston an honest, able, and business-like administration. The revised city charter accords to him the power of removing at discretion those administrative officials with whose methods he is not satisfied, while all offices are filled by him, subject, however, to the confirmation of a majority of the Board of Aldermen. As in the Board of Aldermen of next year eight out of twelve members are friendly to Mr. HART, both for personal and political reasons, there is no reason for thinking that any obstacle will be thrown in his way in his effort to reform the many and serious abuses that exist.

NOT A COUNTRYMAN.

OLD ARRIVAL (*to new*). "Vwot gountryman vwos you, onyhow, buck?"
NEW ARRIVAL (*to old*). "Dat's where yez be off, Dutchy. Sure an' oim no countnryman at all, but 'av' lived all me days in de city of Corruk."

THOMAS N. HART, THE NEWLY ELECTED MAYOR OF BOSTON.—From a Photograph by J. W. Black & Co.—[See Page 987.]



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL LE ROY.
[See Page 986.]

THE LATE GENERAL R. B. AYRES.
From a Photograph by Bell.—[See Page 987.]

THE TROUBLE AT BIRMINGHAM.

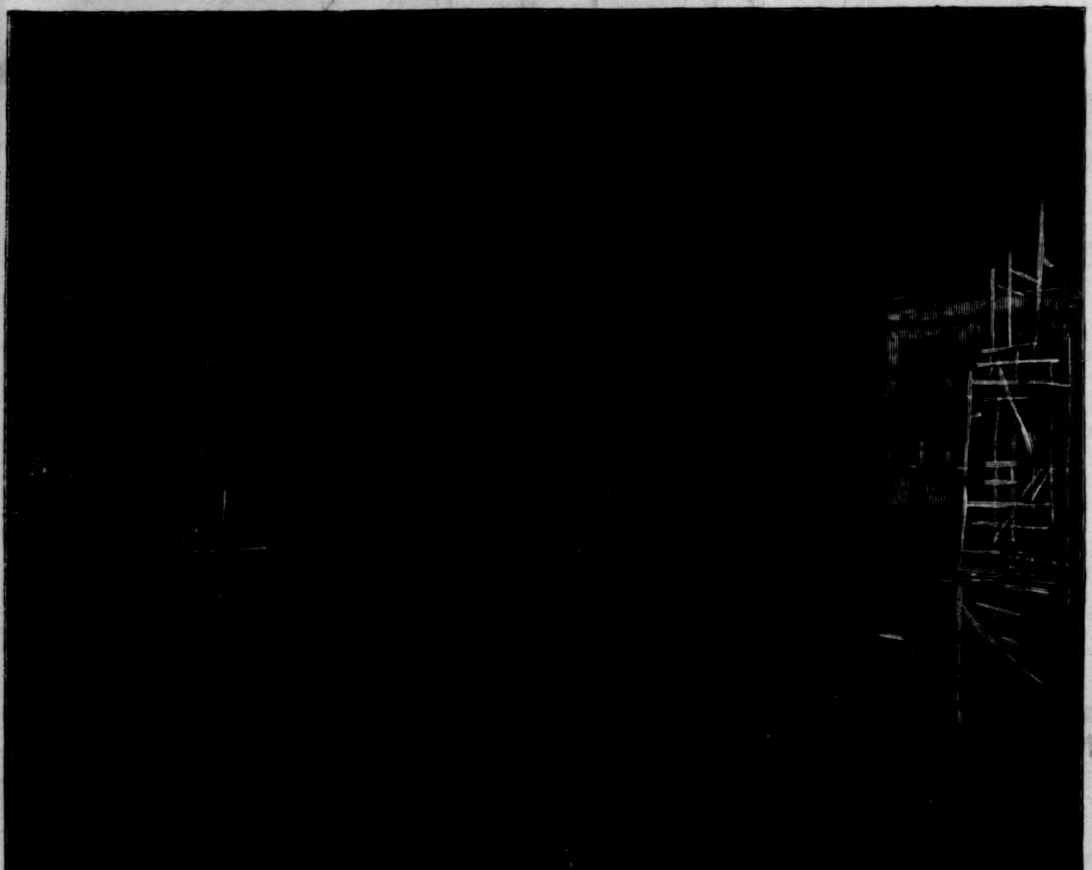
A crowd of men appeared at the entrance of the jail at Birmingham, Alabama, at eleven o'clock on the night of Saturday, December 8th, with the expressed intention of lynching Richard R. Hawes, a railroad engineer, who was confined there on a charge of having atrociously murdered his wife and daughter. The action of the mob was in no sense a sudden outburst of rage and hate, but the result of a rather deliberately formed plan to anticipate the course of the law.

On Tuesday Hawes's daughter May was found dead in East Lake, a small body of water about half a mile from his home. As an autopsy showed that the girl had been thrown into the water after death, the suspicion was aroused that Hawes had murdered her, and that he had taken the lives of his wife and younger daughter, who had been missing from home since the preceding Sunday. Hawes married a young woman at Columbus about this time, and he returned to Birmingham with her on Wednesday. He had represented to her that he was a widower with one child. Subsequent developments showed how thoroughly he sought to make his assertion good. After the arrest of Hawes search was made for his wife and younger daughter. On Saturday Mrs. Hawes was found at the bottom of the lake, with the back of her head split open, and with three large pieces of railroad iron tied to her body. Blood stains were found in nearly every room in the Hawes house, and also on the ground leading toward the lake.

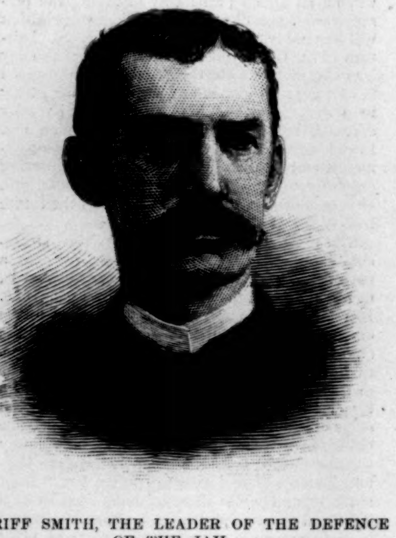
After the finding of Mrs. Hawes's body the feeling against Hawes took a definite form. Sheriff Smith saw what was coming, and called upon Chief of Police Pickard for aid, immediately fortifying the jail, and placing armed guards about to warn off intruders. The mob began to form early in the evening, yet it was not until an hour before midnight that the attack was made. By the time that the mob reached the jail it was two thousand strong.

Sheriff Smith and Chief of Police Pickard first saw the mob as it turned into an alleyway leading to the jail door. They called out to the men to stop, on pain of death. This warning was repeated several times, but the mob did not take heed. Then, as the sheriff asserts, a shot was fired by a man in the crowd. An instant later, in response to a command from the sheriff, the guards fired a volley into the thick of the mob. The effect was awful. Three men were killed outright, seven were mortally wounded, and thirty were less seriously hurt. Six of the seven mortally wounded men died within a short time. The mob dispersed, and did not renew the attack. When the dead and wounded were removed it was found that one of the victims was Maurice B. Throckmorton, Postmaster of Birmingham. It is claimed that he was trying to pacify the mob when the firing began. He died early Sunday morning. A. D. Bryant, a book-keeper, was killed while he too, it is said, was seeking to dissuade the mob from its purpose.

On Sunday Colonel Thomas G. Jones, of the State militia, took charge of the jail, under instructions from Governor Seay. Thirteen companies of troops reported to him for duty. Late Sunday afternoon Sheriff Smith was arrested on a warrant charging him with murder. The feeling ran strongly against him among some of the Birmingham people, but beyond a few harsh threats no attempt was made to harm him. On Tuesday he was released on $25,000 bail, when he at once resumed his duties as sheriff. Governor Seay visited Birmingham on Tuesday, and made a thorough investigation of the circumstances of the case. He congratulated the sheriff upon the faithful manner in which the law had been upheld and the prisoner and the county property protected. As fully forty men were struck by bullets from the jail when the attack was made, it was charged that a Gatling-gun was turned upon the mob. It is evident that a very large number of shots were fired almost at the same time.

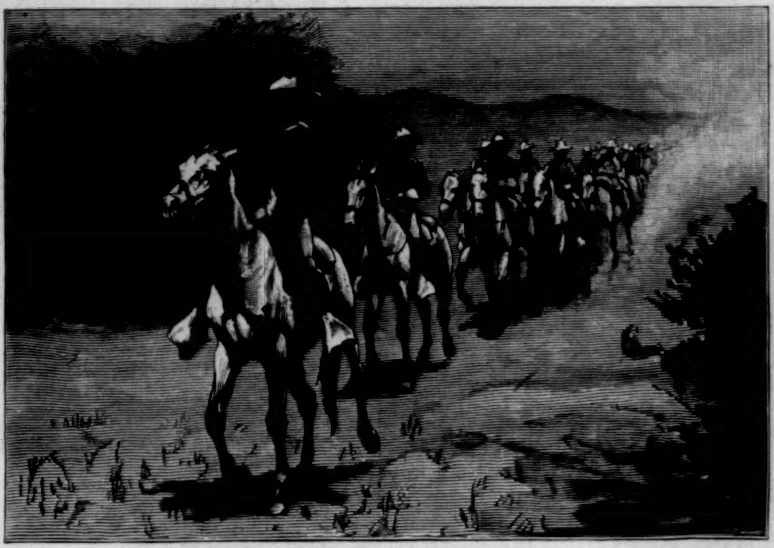


THE ATTACK ON THE JAIL AT BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.



SHERIFF SMITH, THE LEADER OF THE DEFENCE OF THE JAIL.

POSTMASTER M. B. THROCKMORTON, SHOT WHILE TRYING TO DISPERSE THE MOB.



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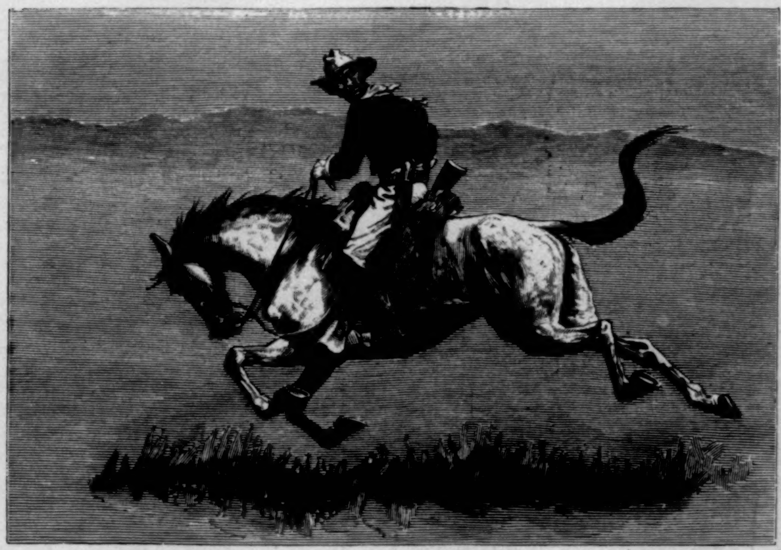

A RETIRING SCOUT.

"LAYING BACK" ON THE TRAIL.

LIEUTENANT CARTER P. JOHNSON.—From a Sketch made in the Field.

LIEUTENANT JOHNSON AND THE TENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY IN ARIZONA.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 983.]

LOYALTY.

Un gage d'amour, you say? Yet I
May take it lightly from you—so—
And toss it lightlier still away,
Because it dates from long ago?

Since you have seen me, you no more
Care for the fair pledge of the past?
Alas, then! can I know how long
Your love for me will bravely last?

I take the *gage d'amour*; and, see,
Toss it away, even as you said;
But in her name, not mine, for whom
You tell me that your love is dead.

Since you have wearied of a past,
My loyal knight you cannot be;
For what I love is loyalty,
Not merely loyalty to me.

A. W. R.

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Say the doctors—and who shall say them nay?—a special predisposition seems requisite to the development of rheumatism. Where there is this tendency, most of us know from observation what a deep hold disease takes when once incurred and neglected for a short time. Is not this a sound text, then, from which to advocate the early use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in a malady so hard to dislodge as rheumatism? Another thing. It is well ascertained that a falling off in vigor, resulting from indigestion and mal-nutrition, increases liability to rheumatism. What, then, is more likely to act as a preventive—aside from its remedial action—than this potent rectifier of the gastric troubles that increase the rheumatic tendency. Malaria, constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sleeplessness, nervousness, debility, and kidney troubles succumb to this genial preventive and remedy.—[*Adv.*]

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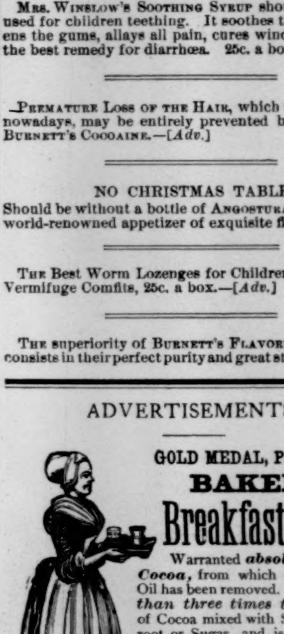

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New York, *Dec.* 1, 1888.

Adelina Patti, Hôtel Bristol, Paris:
Please cable number stamped on piano to Steinway, New York. Answer paid.

Paris, *Dec.* 2, 1888.

Steinway, New York:
Piano 59,951. Compliments.
Adelina Patti.

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Paris, *Dec.* 4, 1888.

Messrs. Steinway, Facteur Pianos, New York:
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(*Translation.*)
Thousand thanks, letter follows. Gounod.

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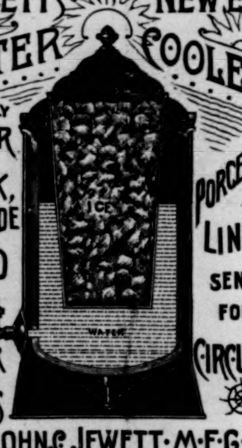

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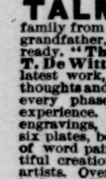

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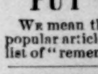

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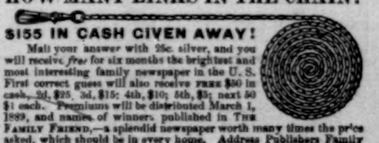

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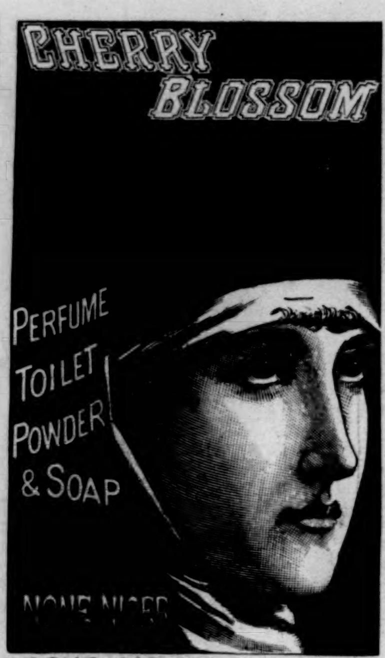

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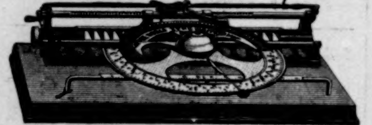

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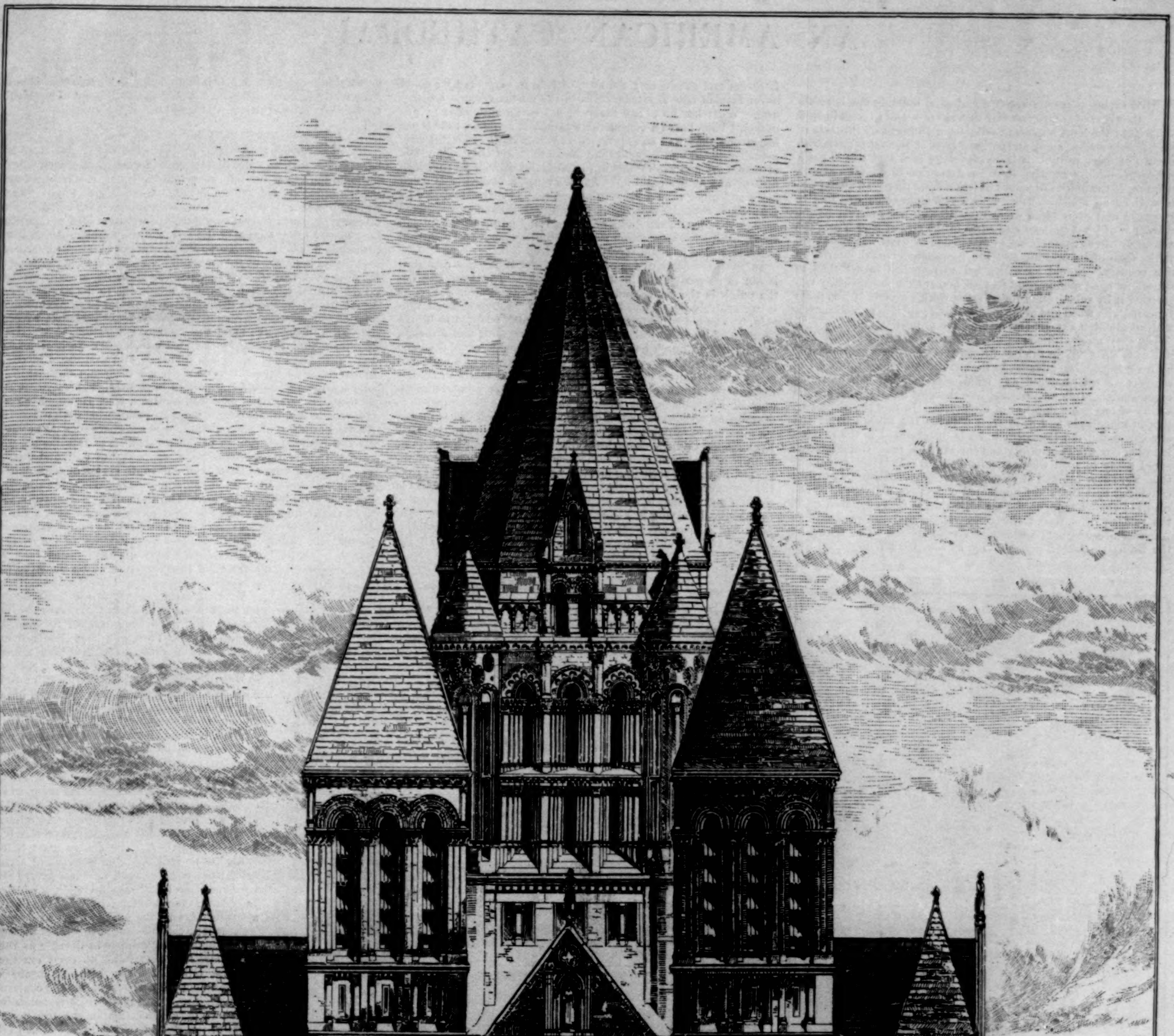


WEST ELEVATION OF A PROPOSED AMERICAN CATHEDRAL.—From the Plans of the late H. H. Richardson.

AN AMERICAN CATHEDRAL.

I.

THE saying that ours is not a cathedral-building age is so obviously true and so familiar that the proposal to erect in New York the most important religious monument on this side of the Atlantic strikes many and perhaps most cultivated persons with a sense of incongruity. It is so especially true that this is not a cathedral-building country that an American cathedral seems a violation of the unities in place not less than in time—an anatopism as well as an anachronism. It is a reflection calculated to give us pause that even while we are considering what should be the character of an American cathedral in the city of New York, the Assembly of the State, being in possession of what was acclaimed at the time of its opening as "the most monumental interior in this country," should have decided to demolish rather than to restore its most monumental feature, and should be hopelessly vulgarizing it by substituting for its stone-work a system of iron posts veneered with wood and of beams enclosing panels of papier-maché, without eliciting any general or effective protest.

The very marked increase of interest in the art of architecture in this country within the last fifteen years has been accompanied by a corresponding advance in the practice of that art, but it has scarcely as yet produced any manifestations that can be called monumental. Our monuments, like those of the Romans, are the works of engineers and not of architects. In fact the disproportion in magnitude and in interest between the Roman baths and aqueducts and the Roman temples is exaggerated in the relation between our works of utility and our works of art. Our engineers stand ready to span wider openings and to rear loftier structures than were ever bridged or raised before, provided anybody can be convinced that these unprecedented operations will "pay." The result of their labors, on the æsthetic side, is fairly summed up in the remark of a recent European visitor that public works in America are executed without reference to art. The towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, in outlasting, as they bid fair to do, all contemporaneous erections, will bear permanent witness to this truth.

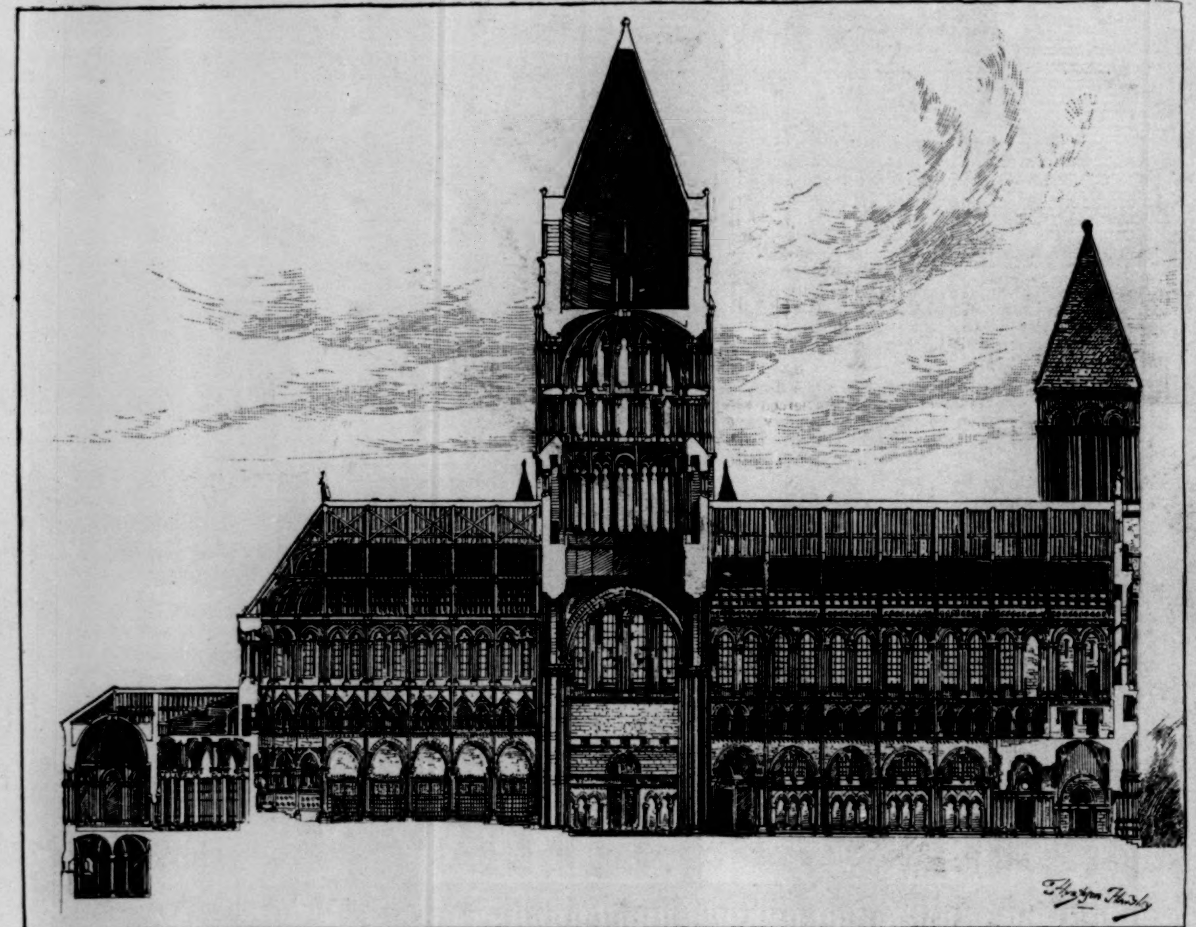
But, as Bishop Potter pointed out in the admirable letter in which he promulgated the project of an American cathedral, this very prevalence and predominance of the utilitarian spirit makes it most desirable that there should be a conspicuous counteraction and an impressive reminder in a great commercial city that there are other than commercial interests and other than physical needs. A "metropolitan" church, in the modern sense of the adjective, dominating the more prosaic erections of a city, as a cathedral must do if reared upon the noble site secured for the Cathedral of New York, is the conversion into a beacon of Mr. Ruskin's "lamp of sacrifice." It belongs to its function that it could not by any conceivable possibility "pay," and that it should be, first of all, a religious monument. There is some danger that this may be forgotten, for in the design of ordinary churches, in which the architects who have been working at the problem presented by the cathedral are commonly exercised, they feel at every turn the pressure of the utilitarian spirit. They are required to "accommodate" a congregation, in most cases at a minimum of cost, so that the preacher may be well seen and heard of all. The muses of acoustics, ventilation, and sanitary plumbing preside over their labors, necessarily to the greater or less detriment of architecture. The features that give dignity to the minsters of the Middle Ages are apt to be obstructive of the comfort of the congregation. If a cathedral were to be merely or mainly a huge auditorium, nearly all the traditions of ecclesiastical architecture would have to be sacrificed. Doubtless in a true cathedral of such dimensions as those contemplated for the Cathedral of New York an ample space for preaching must accrue. But a building in which this space is the object of the design can scarcely become a cathedral. Mr. R. L. Stevenson, considering the apse of Noyon, observes: "I could never fathom how any man dares to lift up his voice in a cathedral. What has he to say that will not be an anticlimax? For though I have heard a considerable variety of sermons, I never yet heard one that was so expressive as a cathedral. 'Tis the best preacher itself, and preaches day and night, not only telling you of man's art and aspirations in the past, but convicting your own soul of ardent sympathies." At all events, a cathedral is much more and other than a place to preach in. If that alone were its purpose, it would be best fulfilled by an enclosed and unobstructed space extending to the limits of the carrying power of the human voice. But such an erection would resemble a mediæval cathedral much less than it would resemble a modern rink.

In truth the justification of a modern and Protestant cathedral is not to be looked for in its "usefulness." The altar and not the pulpit is the centre and culmination of its interior design, as it can scarcely be said to be the centre of "congregational worship." The old cathedrals are most admirably adapted to be the theatres of ecclesiastical processions and pageants, and although the Episcopal Church has a more highly developed ritual than any other Protestant body, it does not provide for these on a cathedral scale. The Church of England cannot be said really to employ the minsters it has inherited. An eminent architect, who was not only an Englishman, but an "Anglo-Catholic," was compelled to describe an ancient cathedral in its modern English use as merely "a museum of antiquities, with a free sacred concert on Sunday." Even among Catholic countries Spain is almost, if not quite, alone in fully using her mediæval cathedrals as modern churches of the people, instead of secluding them as "historical monuments" from the ordinary life of the nation. In a country in which the arts of reading and writing have been acquired by but a small fraction of the people, the saying of Victor Hugo cannot have come true. The book has not destroyed the church, and the invention of printing has not affected either the spirit or the form of devotion. The dramatic and spectacular instinct so strong among the Southern nations, and among the English-speaking peoples perhaps weaker than anywhere else, has found natural vent, in a country in which the type of religion has remained mediæval, in those gorgeous ceremonials, addressed to the imagination and not to the intellect, which really require and employ the stage and the scenery of a mediæval cathedral. Not York or Salisbury, not Cologne or Strasburg, not Rheims or Amiens, hardly Milan or St. Peter's itself, so fully shows to our generation the popular need which the mediæval minsters were meant to answer as it is shown to travellers on one of the great feasts of the Church in Toledo or Seville. The tardy completion of Cologne under the auspices of a Protestant emperor, and by the contributions of Protestant Germany, not as any longer the temple of the national faith, but as an architectural monument of which the German people have reason to be proud, and the completion of which is a monument also of the union of Germany, more fitly represents the modern attitude of mind respecting cathedrals.

An American Protestant church as long as Cologne (and such is the dimension proposed for the Cathedral of New York) is obviously far beyond the limits of a convenient auditorium, and beyond the ritual requirements of the Episcopal Church. In such a structure the space occupied by the largest congregation that can be assembled within the sound of a single voice is but a fragment, and such a congregation itself but an incident, to be recognized and provided for, indeed, but by no means to be allowed to become the chief object of design. But the aim of these remarks has been to show that it is by its success as an architectural monument that the cathedral must be justified, if it is to be justified at all. In this point of view the very excess, which in any utilitarian point of view is wasteful, becomes an element of impressiveness as being an emphatic rejection in a building erected to the glory of God of "the nicely calculated less or more" that is suitable and inevitable to buildings erected primarily for the use of man.

II.

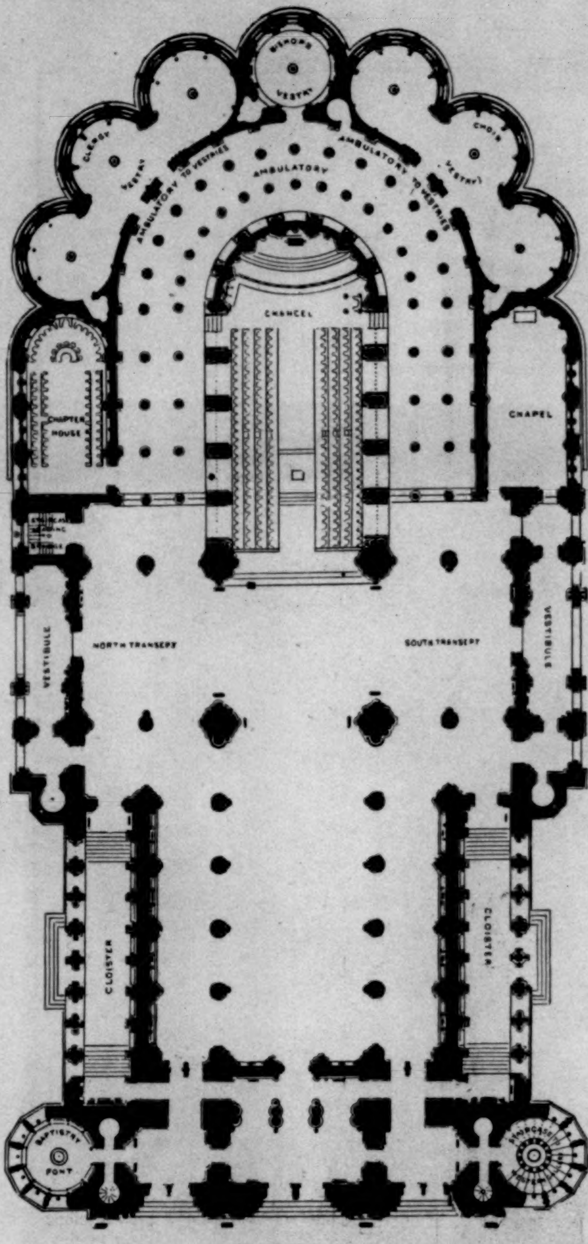
Mr. Richardson's design for the Cathedral of All-Saints at Albany is herewith so fully illustrated as to enable the architect to estimate the effect the interior would have had in execution, and the untrained reader to form an impression of the exterior effect, which, however incomplete, can scarcely be misleading. The design is perhaps the most suggestive contribution that has thus far been made to the solution of the architectural problem of a modern cathedral which the diocese of New York has undertaken. At all events, the influence of it is more likely to be traced in the designs for that work than the influence of any building actually erected on this side of the ocean. In part this is due to the merits of the design itself; in part to the immense vigor and large picturesqueness of the executed works of its author—qualities that have so impressed themselves upon the younger generation of American architects that there is scarcely a contemporary work of importance that does not betray his influence, and that the Provençal Romanesque, in which his personal power of design was manifested, may already be said almost to have become the style of the country. It must be manifest, however, that it would be an injustice to Mr. Richardson's memory to take his design for the Albany Cathedral as his contribution to the civic—one may almost say the national—problem of the present. For this design was prepared under rigid limitations of space and of cost, and though its rejection is said to have been due to its excess of these latter, it is by no means what its author would have devised for a project in which there is no limitation. The Cathedral of All-Saints was to be rather a parish church of unusual dimensions than a cathedral, and the dimensions were still so restricted and "seating capacity" still so important that the accommodation of the congregation became a main object rather than an incident of the plan from which the structure proceeds.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION LOOKING SOUTH.

Without reference to its scale, the design for the Cathedral of Albany confesses the limitations that have been relaxed for the Cathedral of New York, and that render it unavailable as a direct model. These appear mainly in the interior, but, as we shall presently see, they affect the exterior design as well. As it was in the beginnings of the art of building, so now stone remains the material of monumental structures. In durability it is rivalled, if it be rivalled, by metal alone, and such experiments as the *flèche* of Rouen and the tower of Paris have not yet convinced mankind of the possibility of a monumental metallic architecture. Timber remains the most acceptable substitute, but timber in a cathedral is plainly a substitute, and monumental architecture admits no substitutes in the structure of a great building. A stone ceiling must be regarded as an indispensable requisite of a true cathedral; and although very impressive and noble cathedrals still exhibit wooden ceilings, they so far come short of fulfilling the idea of a cathedral, and the antiquarians are pretty well agreed that the purpose of the builders was to make their ceilings as durable as their walls, and that they failed to carry out their purpose either through lack of means or through doubt of their own ability to construct stone ceilings. Considering the elaborate expositions of construction in the true timber roofs of the English Gothic, the boarded ceilings of Ely and Peterborough were plainly makeshifts, and equally a makeshift would be the wooden ceiling, of trefoil section, hung to the timbers of the roof and concealing its construction, which Mr. Richardson designed for the Albany Cathedral.

We come here, rather unexpectedly, upon the question of "style." If a vaulted ceiling be so eminently desirable in a purely monumental building as to amount to an architectural necessity, it is equally clear that the groined vault, that is to say the vault formed by the intersection of two or more vaults, is necessary to the complete development of the vaulting system, and for this the Romance architecture in which Mr. Richardson preferred to work, and which in a general way may be called the style of his design for Albany, does not provide. The churches of the Provençal Romanesque were vaulted, but with a continuous tunnel vault, supported equally at all points, and demanding an enormous thickness of wall pierced by few and small openings to withstand the lateral thrust of the arch. The introduction of groined vaults involved a concentration of the supports and of the counterforts, that is to say a series of buttresses in place of a continuous wall. The piers of the nave and the exterior buttresses, connected by flying buttresses with the vaults the thrust of which they withstood, then constituted the framework of the building, and the wall between the buttresses became a mere screen, as finally it did become an avowed screen of painted glass. The history of this development of the vault is the history of the transition from Romanesque to Gothic architecture. The mediæval architects carried this development to its extreme, leaving at last, as in the Sainte Chapelle, no wall at all, and their work has been described as an attempt to "etherealize matter." It may very well be doubted whether the architect of a modern cathedral should not stop short of the result they reached, and strive for a simpler and more robust treatment than theirs—in other words, for a treatment more Romanesque. But if we assume that the cathedral shall be ceiled in material as durable and monumental as that of its walls, we cannot reject the labors of the generations of artistic builders who concerned themselves with that problem, and attained so brilliant a solution of it. To take the instance before us, the clere-story of the nave and of the choir is in effect a continuous arcade of narrow pointed lancets. It needs a second glance to note that they are grouped in pairs, and that the piers between the pairs are slightly broader than the piers dividing the openings of each pair. The slight increase in mass quite suffices to account in the interior for the principal roof timber which rests upon it, and, with the vaulting-shaft, to continue upward the line of the nave pier. But if the flying buttress necessary to transfer the thrust of the vault were built at this point, the arcade of the exterior would be effectually



GROUND-PLAN.

interrupted, and the space between the buttresses set off into a single bay, as in the wall of the aisle below, which does, in fact, represent a vault. In that case a single large opening would naturally take the place of the pair of lancets, still further emphasizing the division into bays, and the side of the nave would at once bear a much stronger resemblance than it now bears to the accepted type of a cathedral. In the choir a like result would follow, and it would be emphasized at the east end. The circle of apsidal chapels is one of the most striking and most successful features of Mr. Richardson's design. As will be seen from the ground plan, however, these are features that do not proceed from the interior arrangement so much as features to which the interior arrangement is conformed. Even when viewed from the outside the undeniable power and picturesqueness of the group is marred by the suggestion of something forced and arbitrary in their arrangement. There are precedents in Romanesque architecture for such a disposition, among them "the great triapsal swing" of the twelfth-century churches of Cologne, though evidently the example that inspired Mr. Richardson was the chevet of Clermont in Auvergne, which he has followed even to the introduction of the mosaic above the springing of the arches. All these, however, are much simpler than the apse designed for Albany. What Mr. Richardson doubtless had in mind was to reproduce the effect of the ring of chapels that forms the chevet of a French Gothic cathedral without reproducing Gothic forms. But the flying buttresses that radiate from the apse of a French Gothic cathedral determine and bound the chapels that fill the spaces between them, and by making these appear integral parts of the main structure save them from the look they would otherwise have of extraneous appendages.

III.

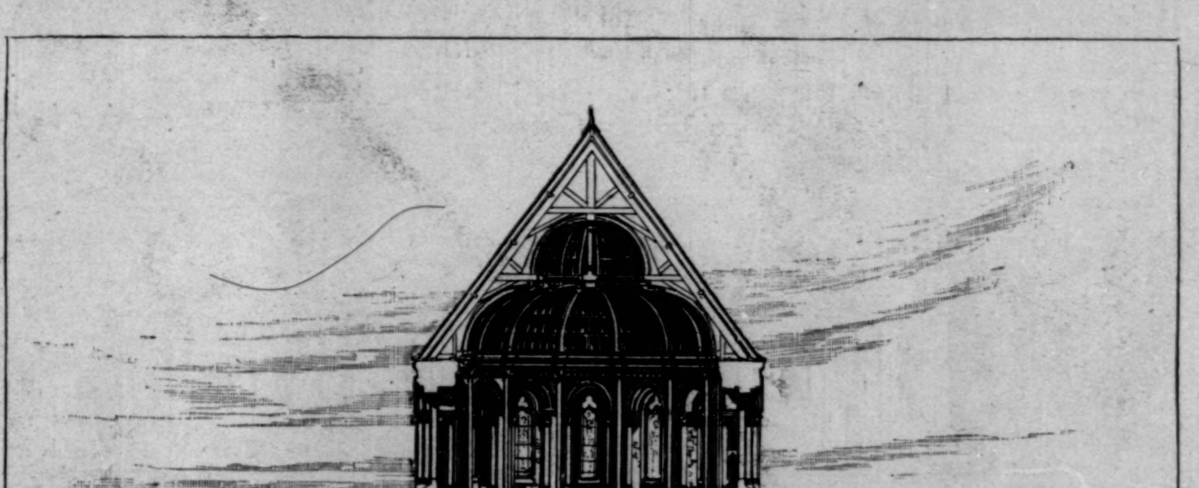
It seems, then, that the question of style in a modern cathedral is not to be determined according to the individual preference of a designer for round arches or pointed, for openings traceried or plain. If the problem he is working at has been successfully solved heretofore, he is not at liberty to ignore this solution because it falls without the limits of the historical period he has proposed to himself, and to content himself with an incomplete solution. Of course this remark does not apply as a criticism to Mr. Richardson's design for Albany, prepared under limitations that he was compelled to observe, but which the competitors for the Cathedral of New York are at liberty to disregard. Whether he was right in so far sacrificing the monumental character of his interior to the monumental features of his exterior is not a practical question for designers of whom no sacrifice in either direction is demanded. There are very noble examples of vaulted architecture in the Romanesque period—examples which it will be glory enough for the architect of the Cathedral of New York if he succeeds in equalling without slavishly imitating. But in all these there is a lack of that complete corresopndence between the interior and the exterior structure that makes the organic unity of a true cathedral, and that was attained for the first time in the thirteenth century, after a series of tentative experiments embodied in these very Romanesque buildings. It is by no means necessary for an architect to revert to these experiments because he does not sympathize with the expression of strained intensity and "otherworldliness" which the Gothic architects attained, and prefers the more robust, more massive, more mundane aspect of the Romanesque monuments that preceded the great cathedrals. The modelling of these cathedrals is carried so far that nothing is left unmodelled; there are no longer any surfaces; the whole structure is anatomized; and the modern architect, even while he stands astonished at the result of this unsparing analysis, may yet say, "It were to consider too curiously to consider so." But it is not by refusing the aid these wonderful structures offer him that he can advance upon or equal them. The development of a cathedral requires, indeed, a system of piers and vaults and flying arches and weighted buttresses. But these need not be the same features in modelling, in detail, or in expression that we know in historical examples. Instances are not wanting to show that they may be massed with the stalwart simplicity of the Romanesque builders as well as drawn into the complex and bewildering forms they assumed in the later Gothic. In his design for Albany Mr. Richardson has shown very clearly that an artist whose individuality is strong enough can put its stamp upon whatever he adopts. The common distinction that Romanesque is a round-arched and Gothic a pointed style is shown to be baseless in an unmistakably Romanesque church in which all the openings of the clere-story are pointed lancets, in which the pointed openings elsewhere far outnumber the round arches, and in which the architect has introduced tracery, sparingly but effectively, without at all marring the unity of the structure. Nay, the church owes the suggestion of some of its noblest features to works that did not exist until the period classified as Romanesque had closed. A modern architect forfeits his birthright who does not use all that the past has to offer him of help; and his originality is impeached only if he does not overrule to his own purposes what he adopts, if he copies instead of using. The west front of Albany, for example, is the west front of Notre Dame of Paris, with differences, as marked as the resemblances, which convert it into a new creation. The three entrances, burrowed through the thickness of the wall and not projected from the face, are repeated, but with a strong and decorated belt course at their springing. The buttresses bringing down the line of the towers at Paris, and dividing the front into three, are omitted, and a balustrade in relief takes the place of the line of statues. The flanking towers thus rise from a continuous base, and a tall mock-arcade marks their lines in the next stage and emphasizes the flanking wall, which in the mediæval example is pierced with a double arch on each side of the rose-window, and the central wall is here recessed to serve the same purpose of detaching the towers which in Notre Dame is answered by the buttresses, while above the rose-window another balustrade corresponds to the tall traceried arcade, and the lancets of the belfry stage, double in Notre Dame, are here grouped in threes. Except the buttresses, every feature of the old front has its counterpart, but by the emphasis given to the horizontal lines, and the diminution of the vertical lines, in one instance amounting to an effacement, the whole aspect of the façade is transformed. This is an admirable example of the manner in which a modern architect may employ his inheritance. Another, not less admirable, is the adoption in the transept entrance of the main and most characteristic feature of the famous "triple northern porch" of Chartres, the interpolation of narrow arches between the main portals and below the springing of their arches. This is a still more signal instance of what we have been saying of the power of changing the expression of a feature while retaining its substance, for the northern porch of Chartres is one of the loveliest fantasies of a late and highly ornate Gothic, and it is here translated back into the severer Romanesque, as all the structural features of a fully developed cathedral might be.

IV.

But it is not in its details nor in its features, fine as many of these are, that Mr. Richardson's design for Albany offers the most inspiring suggestions and the safest model. It is in the sense that pervades it of the all-importance of the relation of its masses, and in the mastery it shows of architectural composition. It was long ago noted as a mark of an artistic work of architecture that it "pyramidizes," and this implies a single culminating feature to which the parts converge and rise. In the work which first fixed Mr. Richardson's rank among American architects—Trinity Church in Boston—the most striking merit of the design is the manner in which the parts are subordinated to the noble and massive central tower. In his design for Albany the same subordination is carried through more gradations, and it is both more subtle and more successful. The outer aisles of the nave are secluded altogether from the interior, and set off in the "cloisters" or loggias that are among the most effective features of the building, and among the happiest suggestions its designer derived from the study of Spanish architecture. The roofs of these recede to the walls of the aisle proper, the roofs of which are conspicuous, so that the clere-story is seen above a succession of terraces. At the east end the circle of chapels and the aisle roofs and the sharp slope of the main roof rise in receding masses that converge toward the great central tower, which from the side broadens down upon the flanking towers of the transept. The relation between the western and the central towers is far happier than in the earlier example, and the central tower itself shows as great an advance upon the tower of Trinity as does that upon the tower of Salamanca, from which the suggestion of it was derived. But the western front is perhaps the most brilliantly successful illustration of its author's power. We have seen that Mr. Richardson refused the aid of the buttresses, which with their successive offsets narrow the fronts of Gothic cathedrals as they rise, but he replaced them with a series of devices that answer the same purpose quite as effectively. The flanking towers are themselves flanked at the base by low polygonal hooded structures that are succeeded by attached turrets reaching to the belfry stage. The roofs of the western towers themselves next converge toward the looming bulk of the central feature to which they serve as pinnacles. Surely in all the "misty masses of multitudinous pinnacle and diademed tower" that the Middle Ages have bequeathed to us there are few that in nobleness and dignity surpass the effect that is promised by Mr. Richardson's design for the west front of Albany, and in modern work where shall we look for a parallel?

This very central tower may serve as a reminder of the point in which a modern cathedral may mark an architectural advance upon the mediæval art which, in most respects, its builders may be well content if they can equal. For the culminating feature of the exterior should be the culminating feature of the interior also, and it was this need that the mediæval architects left unanswered. They recognized it, and in the cimborio of the Spanish cathedral, and in such experiments as the octagon of Ely, they made the beginnings of an answer, but these are no more to be accepted as complete than the Romanesque system of vaulting which the Gothic architects developed to its perfection. The *flèche* of a French cathedral emphasizes rather than supplies the need of such a culmination. The central towers of such English cathedrals as possess them are purely exterior ornaments, as unrelated to the body of the church as its western towers. In Mr. Richardson's design the tall and narrow dome at the crossing would not be apprehensible as a crowning feature, except from a point of view almost directly beneath it, while its external form does not intimate its interior function. It was a true feeling that led the architects of the Italian Renaissance to embrace the aisles as well as the nave under the central dome, though they clothed their construction in untrue forms. To develop true forms for it is the one advance upon past ecclesiastical architecture which seems to be possible, and to develop these may be said to be the central problem of design in an American cathedral.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.



TRANSVERSE SECTION THROUGH CHOIR.